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BY H. A. McPIKE.

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☞Pay for your paper before you stop it, if stop it you must. None but scalawags do otherwise. Don't be a scalawag—life's too short.

Cambria Freeman.

H. A. McPIKE, Editor and Publisher. "HE IS A FREEMAN WHOM THE TRUTH MAKES FREE, AND ALL ARE SLAVES BESIDE." $1.50 and postage per year, in advance.

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JOB PRINTING of all kind neatly and expeditiously executed at lowest prices. Don't you forget it.

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Scrofulous, Itching and Scaly Humors of the Skin, Scalp and Blood Cured.

MIRACULOUS CURE.

I will now state that I made a miraculous cure of one of the worst cases of skin disease known. The patient, a man forty years old, had suffered fifteen years. His eyes, ears and nearly his entire body presented a frightful appearance. Had had the attention of twelve different physicians, who prescribed the best remedies known to the profession, such as Iodide potassium, arsenic, corrosive sublimate, sarsaparilla, etc., but failed to do more than temporarily relieve. I prescribed for medical treatment with but little relief. I then called upon him to use the CUTICURA REMEDIES internally and the CUTICURA and CUTICURA SOAP externally. He did so, and was completely cured. The skin on his head, face, and more other parts of his body, which presented a most loathsome appearance, is now as soft and smooth as an infant's, with no scar or trace of the disease left behind. He has now been cured two months.

Reported by
F. H. BROWN, Esq., Barnwell, S. C.

SCROFULA SORE.

Rev. De——, in detailing his experience with the CUTICURA REMEDIES, said that through Divine Providence one of his parishioners was cured of a scrofulous sore, which was slowly draining away his life, by the CUTICURA REMEDIES internally and CUTICURA and CUTICURA SOAP externally. The poison that had fed the disease was completely driven out.

ECZEMA.

Sixteen months since an eruption broke out on my leg and both feet, which turned out to be Eczema, and caused me great pain and annoyance. I tried various remedies with no good results, until I used the CUTICURA REMEDIES internally and CUTICURA and CUTICURA SOAP externally, which entirely cured me so that my skin is as smooth and natural as ever.

LEO. M. FRANTZY, 56 South St., Baltimore.

CUTICURA.

The CUTICURA treatment for the cure of Skin, Scalp and Blood Diseases, consists in the internal use of CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new Blood Purifier, and the external use of CUTICURA and CUTICURA SOAP, the Great Skin Cures.

Price of CUTICURA, small boxes, 50c.; large boxes, $1. CUTICURA RESOLVENT, $1 per bottle. CUTICURA SOAP, 25c. CUTICURA MEDICATED SHAVING SOAP, 15c. Depot, WEEKS & POTTER, Boston, Mass.

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SANFORD'S RADICAL CURE!

Complete Treatment
For $1.00.

Clear head and voice, easy breathing, sweet breath, perfect smell, taste and hearing, no cough, no disgusting discharges. These horrid conditions are brought about in the severest cases of Catarrh by that most agreeable compound, speedy relief and rapid healing specific, SANFORD'S RADICAL CURE. Complete in one Infallible Treatment, consisting of one bottle of the RADICAL CURE, one box of CATARRHAL SOLVENT, and one DOUCHE, with full directions, wrapped in one package, with treatise and directions, and sold by all druggists for $1. Ask for SANFORD'S RADICAL CURE.

General Agents, WEEKS & POTTER,
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RATS, MICE, Roaches, Water Bugs and Ants. Sold by Druggists. Price, PARSONS' EXTERMINATOR, 50 cts. per bottle. No fear of bad results. Recommended and used in households often cleared by a single night. Best and cheapest Killer in the world. Has been in use 20 years. Every box warranted. Sold by all grocers and druggists. Ask for PARSONS'. Mailed for 25c. by

WEEKS & POTTER, Boston, Mass.

B. & B.

OCTOBER 8, 1881.

For the coming week, in
SILK DEPARTMENT.

One lot Black Rhadames, $1.25, $1.50, $1.75 and $2.00, which we call attention to as being the best buy on one who examines them with a view to purchase.

Also special bargains in the celebrated Colored and Bonnet Black Silks, from $1.25up to the finest grades.

Satin d'Lyon, Satin Merveilleux, Satin Surah. Also, new Satin Duchesse, in evening shades at $2.00 per yard, worth $2.50, now before the holidays.

New Costume Velvets, 22 inches wide, in all the seasonable shades, at $2.25, being cheap and heavy.

New Black Costume Velvets, 27 inches wide, at $2.50 per yard, bargains.

New Costume Velvets, $2.50 up to $10.00 per yd.

100 pieces 48 inch Poplin, all new wool, in rich colorings, at 75c., cheap at $1.00, and will be the most extraordinary value ever shown anywhere.

New 46 inch fine French Dress Goods received this week in neat Checks and Plaids at $1.00 and $1.25, suitable for full Suits and Costumes.

Rich, handsome and elaborate Stripe Novelties in dress colorings. Dress Goods at 10c. a yard up to $5.00.

Great offerings in Housekeeping Goods—Towels, Napkins and Tablings; 50 dozen Napkins at $1.00; German Linen, worth and never sold under $1.25; Damask Towels, 25c. each.

100 dozen Heavy Damask Red Borders, 5/8 size, a job lot, $2.50, worth $3.00.

Flannels, $1, $1.25, $1.50, $1.75, up to $5 per dozen. Also, 10 yards of German Table Linen for $5; fine handsome Damask patterns.

New Hosiery in Cotton, Merino, Cashmere and Balbriggan, Foreign and Domestic manufacture, in a great variety of handsome styles, from 10c. a pair up.

A very extra bargain in Ladies' Cashmere Hose, at 50c. a pair.

Kid Gloves, Foster hook, at $1.25, $1.50 and $2; 4-button Undressed Kid Gloves, $1. Full line Perfumery, Opera Shades of paroche interest.

In Cloaks, De Jongs are now ready to show New Goods in every day in Walking Coats, Ulsterette, Circulars, &c., in new and graceful shapes, at prices ranging from $5 up.

Also, daily opening new things in Silk, Satin d'Lyon, Merveilleux and Rhadame Garments in the new styles and shades as fast as they appear, in Black, at Dress Goods Counter.

A special assortment worthy of note is a Satin d'Lyon Dolman, new shape, for trimming, very long; prices $25. Worth $35. Size 32 to 42 inch bust.

Seal sacques, $125 to $250; size 32 to 42 inch bust, 28 in. to 40 in.; qualities guaranteed and prices always the lowest. We earnestly solicit an examination.

BOGGS & BUHL,
118 and 120 Federal St.,
ALLEGHENY.

Orphans' Court Sale of Real Estate!

BY virtue of an order issuing out of the Orphans' Court of Cambria county, the undersigned will expose to public sale, at the hotel of Lawrence Schrift, in Carrolltown, on

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 12, 1881,

at 2 o'clock, P. M., the following described real estate:

All that certain Piece or Parcel of Land situate in Carroll township, Cambria county, Pa., about 3½ miles from Carrolltown, bounded on the north by lands of Rev. D. Wissler, on the east by lands of heirs of George Leslie, deceased, on the south by lands of Michael Steigerwald and others, and on the west by lands of Peter Weyandt and others, containing 126 Acres and 62 Perches, more or less, having thereon erected a two story Plank Dwelling House, Frame Barn, and the necessary outbuildings. There is a good orchard on the premises.

All that certain Piece or Parcel of Land situate in Carroll township, adjoining the above described piece, lands of Wm. Childs and others, containing 18 Acres and 144 Perches, more or less, having a fine foot vein of excellent coal opened on this tract, which is in good condition.

TERMS OF SALE.

One-third of the purchase money to be paid at the confirmation of the sale, and the remainder in two equal annual payments, with interest, to be secured by the judgment bond and mortgage of the purchaser. MARIUS SAUNDERS,
Executor of Elizabeth Storby, dec'd.

Oct. 28, 1881.-3t.

NOTICE OF DISSOLUTION.—The partnership heretofore existing between the undersigned in the lumber business in Allegheny township, Cambria county, Pa., under the firm name of Wagnor, Saupp & Co., has been dissolved by mutual consent, W. W. Saupp and Thadeus Conrad retiring. The business of the late firm will be continued by John Wagnor.

JOHN WAGNOR,
W. W. SAUPP,
THADEUS CONRAD

Oct. 28, 1881.—4t.

Nestlings.

O little bird! sing sweet among the leaves,
Safe hid from sight, beside thy lowly nest;
The rain falls, murmuring to the drooping eaves—
A low refrain, that suits thy music best.
Sing sweet, O bird! thy recompense draws nigh—
Four yellow nestlings 'neath the mother's wing.
So many fleshing wings that 'ere-and-by
Will climb the dreamy air. O sing, bird, sing!

Sing, O my heart! Thy call—nestlings sleep
Safe hidden 'neath a careless fold of Wing.
Till the time when, from their slumber deep,
They wake, and soar in beauty. Sing, heart, sing!

O little bird! sing sweet. Though rain may fall,
And trouble the yellow head thy care requires,
Behind the misty cloud, with its frail network all,
Is sunshine—and the golden gradion fires.
Sing O, O little bird! nor of the cloud take heed;
For, lo! at last the sun of gracious Spring;
And every field is seared to thy need—
Too weakly, too tenderly, thine. O sing, bird, sing!

Sing, O my heart! sing on, though rain may pour;
Sing—for the answer the winds will bring
A sheaf of sunshine to thy corner door,
And arch the clouds with rainbows. Sing, heart, sing!

O bird! sing sweet. What though the time be near
When thou shalt sit upon that swaying bough,
With thy sweet mate, no nestling by, no fear
The bubbling song thou sings to gladden now!
Thy task was done, fulfilled in sweet Spring days
In golden Summer, when thy brood take wing,
Shall it not still have left a hymn of praise,
Because thy work is over? Sing, bird, sing!

Sing, O my heart! Want if thy birds have flown?
Then holds the joy of their awakening,
And thousand memories left, thee for thine
Sing thou, for task accomplished. Sing, heart, sing!

THE MYSTERIOUS WIDOW.

During the summer of 1811 the British had laid claim to all that portion of the district of Maine lying east of the Penobscot. Shortly before the arrival of the English squadron, Commodore Samuel Tucker had been sent around to Penobscot Bay to protect the American coasters, and while the British sailed up to Castine he lay at Thomaston.

It was a set sooner that the Commodore commanded, but he was a heavy one, well armed and manned; and she carried the true Yankee "grit" upon her decks, of which the enemy had received from them rather too many proofs. On the morning of the 28th of August a messenger was sent down from Belfast with the intelligence that the British frigate was coming from Castine to take him. Tucker knew that the British feared him, and also that Sir John Sherbrooke had offered a large amount for his capture.

When the Commodore received the intelligence, his vessel was lying at one of the low wharves, where he would have to wait two hours for the tide; but he has ened to have everything prepared to get her off as soon as possible.

The schooner's keel was just cleared from the mud, and one of the men had been sent upon the wharf to cast off the bowline, when a wagon, drawn by one horse, came rattling down to the spot. The driver, a rough-looking countryman, got out upon the wharf, and then assisted a middle-aged woman from the vehicle. The lady's first inquiry was for Commodore Tucker. He was pointed out to her, and she stepped upon the schooner's deck, and approached him.

"Commodore," she asked, "when do you sail from here?"

"We sail right off as soon as possible, madam."

"O, then, I know you will be kind to me," the lady urged, in persuasive tones. "My poor husband died yesterday, and I wish to carry his corpse to Wiscasset, where we belong, and where his parent will take care of it."

"But, my good woman, I shan't go to Wiscasset."

"If you only will land me at the mouth of the Sheepscot, I will ask no more. I can easily find a boat there to take me up."

"Where is the body?" asked Tucker.

"In the wagon," returned the lady, at the same time raising one corner of her cloak to give away the gathering tears. "I have a sum of money with me, and you shall be paid for the trouble."

"Tut, tut, woman; if I accommodate you, there won't be any pay about it."

The kind-hearted old Commodore was not the man to refuse a favor, and though he liked not the bush of keeping the woman and her strange companion on board, yet he could not refuse.

Some of the men were sent upon the wharf to bring the body on board. A long buffalo robe was lifted off by the man who drove the wagon; beneath it appeared a neat black coffin. Some words were passed by the seamen as they were putting the coffin on board, which went to show pretty plainly that the latter did not exactly suit them. But it may have been but prejudice on their part, but the seamen should be allowed a prejudice once in a while, when we consider the many stern realities they have to encounter. Evidently the coffin was passed in the hold, and the woman was shown to the cabin. In less than half an hour the schooner was cleared from the wharf, and standing on from the bay. The wind was right from the eastward, but Tucker had no fear of the frigate now that she was once out of the bay.

In the evening the lady passenger came on deck, and the Commodore assured her that he should be able to land her early on the next morning. She expressed her gratitude, and remarked that before she retired she should like to look and see that her husband's corpse was safe. This was, of course, granted, and one lifted off the hatch that she might go down into the hold.

"I declare," muttered Daniel Carter, an old sailor, who was standing at the wheel, "it takes one dreadful!"

"Yes, poor thing!" said Tucker, as he heard her sobs and groans.

"D'ye notice what an eye she's got?" continued Carter.

"No," said Tucker, "only 'twas swollen with tears."

"My eyes! but they shone, though, when she stood here looking at the compass."

Tucker smiled at the man's quaint earnestness, and then went down to the cabin.

When the woman came up from the hold, she looked about the deck of the schooner for a few moments, and then went aft. There was something in her countenance that puzzled Carter. He had been one of those who objected to the coffin being brought aboard. The woman's eyes ran over the schooner's deck with a strange quickness, and Carter eyed her very sharply. Soon she went to the taffrail, and then she came and stood by the binnacle again.

"Look out, or you'll jibe the boom," uttered the passenger.

Carter started, and found that the mainsail was shivering. He gave the helm a couple of spokes apart, and then cast his eyes again upon the woman.

"Thank'e, ma'am," said Dan. "Hs, hold on—why, bless my soul, there's a big spider on your hair. No—not there. Here—I'll ugh!"

The last ejaculation Dan made as he seemed to pull something from the woman's hair, which he threw upon the deck with the "ugh" above mentioned.

Shortly after the passenger went below, and ere long Tucker came on deck.

"Commodore," said Carter, with a remarkable degree of earnestness in his manner, "is the 'oman turned in?"

"I rather think so," said Tucker, looking at the compass. "Look out, look out, Carter! Why, man alive, you're two points to the south'ard of your course."

"Blow me! so I am," said the man, bringing in the helm smartly aport. "But say, didn't you notice any thing peculiar about the old 'oman?"

"Why, Dan, you seem greatly interested about her."

"So I am, Commodore, an' so I am about the coffin, too. Wouldn't it be well for you and I to overhaul it?"

"Pshaw! you're as scared as a child in a graveyard!"

"No, not a bit. Just hark a bit. That 'oman ain't no 'oman."

The Commodore pronounced the name of his satanic majesty in the most emphatic manner.

"It's the truth, Commodore—I purtended there was a spider on her hair, and I rubbed my hand agin' her face. By Sam Hyde, if it was,'t as rough and bearded as a holy-stone. You see, she told me as how I'd let the boom jibe if I didn't look out. I knowed there was no 'oman there, and so I tried her. Call somebody to the wheel, and let's go and look at that coffin."

The Commodore was thunderstruck by what he had heard, but, with a calm presence of mind that made him what he was, he set coolly to thinking. In a few minutes he called one of the men aft to relieve Carter, and then went down to look after his passenger. The latter had turned in, and seemed to be sleeping. Turner returned, and took Carter one side.

"No noise, now, Carter; follow me, as though nothing had happened."

"Sartin."

The two approached the main hatch, and stooped to raise it, when Dan's hand touched a small ball that seemed to have been pinned up under the break of the hatch.

"It's a ball of twine," said he.

"Don't touch it, but run and get a lantern," replied Tucker.

Carter sprang to obey, and when he returned a number of the men had gathered about the spot. The hatch was raised, and the Commodore carefully picked up the ball of twine and found that it was made fast to something below. He descended to the hold, and there he found that the twine ran in beneath the lid of the coffin. He had no doubt in his mind now that there was mischief boxed up below, and sent Carter for something that might answer for a screw-driver. The man soon returned with a stout knife, and the Commodore set to work. He worked very carefully, keeping a bright lookout for the string.

At length the screws were out, and the lid very carefully lifted from its place.

"Great Heaven!" burst from the lips of the Commodore.

"By Sam Hyde!" drooped like a thunderclap from the tongue of young Dan.

"God bless you, Dan!" said the Commodore.

"I know'd it," muttered Dan.

The two men stood for a moment and gazed into the coffin. There was no dead man there, but in place thereof was material for the death of a score. The coffin was filled with gunpowder and pitchwood; upon a light framework in the centre were arranged four pistols, all cocked, and the string entering the coffin from without communicated with the triggers of each.

The first movement of the Commodore was to call for water, and when it was brought he dashed three or four bucketfuls into the infernal contrivance, and then he breathed more freely.

"No, no," he uttered, as he leaped from the hold. "No, no, my men. Do nothing rashly; let me go into the cabin first."

Commodore Tucker strode into the cabin; walking up to the bunk where his passenger lay, and grasping hold of the female dress, he dragged its wearer out upon the floor. There was a sharp resistance, and the passenger drew a pistol, but it was quickly knocked away; the gown came forth from the remnants of calico and linen.

The following was assured that his whole plot had been discovered, and at length he owned that it had been his plan to turn out in the course of the night and get hold of the ball of twine; then he intended to have gone aft, carefully unwinding the string as he went along, then to have got into the boat, cut the falls, and, as the boat fell into the water, he would have pulled smartly upon the twine.

"And I think you know," he continued, with a wicked look, "what would have followed. All I can say is that I'm sorry I didn't do it."

It was with much difficulty that the Commodore prevented his men from killing the villain on the spot. He proved to be one of the enemy's officers, and he was to have a heavy reward if he succeeded in destroying the Commodore and his crew.

The prisoner was carried on deck, and lashed to the main-rigging.

"What a horrid death that villain meant for us!" uttered Carter.

"Yes, he did," said Tucker, with a shudder.

"He belongs to the same gang that's been a robbin' and burnin' the poor folks' houses on the eastern coast," said one of the men.

"Yes," said the Commodore, with a nervous twitch of the muscles about his mouth.

A bitter curse from the prisoner now broke on the air, and with clenched fist the Commodore went below.

In the morning, when Tucker came on deck, Seguin was in sight upon the starboard bow, but when he looked for the prisoner he was gone.

"Carter, where's the villain I lashed here last night?"

"I'm sure I don't know where he is Commodore. Perhaps he jumped overboard."

The old Commodore looked sternly in Carter's eyes, and he saw a twinkle of satisfaction gleaming there. He hesitated a moment; then he turned away, and muttered to himself:

"Well, well, I can't blame them. If the murderous villain has gone to his death he's only met a fate which he deserved."

A RACE FOR LIFE.

A curious old diary has just come to light, kept by Rev. Christopher Hozen in colonial times, and the abstract of a few pages, which tell of a strange athletic contest of which he was a witness, may not be uninteresting in these days when muscle is so vigorously trained—sometimes at the expense of brain.

Mr. Hozen was pastor of a small settlement in Pennsylvania, of a church made up of both whites and Indians. The village was sufficiently near the Quaker and Moravian settlements for the people to have learned that the Indians were human beings, and that there was a wiser, more Christian course of dealing with them than that of flintlock and knife, so prevalent in New England.

Still, the prejudice against the red-skin was strong, and good Christopher had great difficulty in inducing the parti-colored brethren of his flock to dwell together in unity.

One young Indian, Nin-po, he alludes to again and again in his diary.

Nin-po's wife, Sheinah, was a convert, and the young brave listened gravely to the good missionary's talk. But he would not consent to be baptized.

"Nin-po not made up his mind," he would always reply when reasoned with.

Mr. Hozen felt that a great step was gained when he persuaded him to build his wigwam near the village, so that Sheinah could learn to sew and to talk English from the pastor's wife, who had a school of Indian women like that of the Moravians at Nazareth.

"The young red man," he wrote, "is brave, so truthful, and so affectionate to his wife and child, that I cannot but feel that he is like the young man in the Scriptures, 'not far from the kingdom of God.'"

Quarrels, however, arose between the Indians and the whites in the spring of 1683.—A family named Murdock—consisting of a man, his wife and child—were found murdered, and a rudely drawn arrow was traced in blood on the wall of the cabin.

Now Nin-po's Indian name was Red Arrow, and he was missing from his wigwam at the time of the massacre. On his return he was arrested by the villagers, and would have been put to death at once but for Mr. Hozen's entreaties.

"The young man," he writes, "I believe to be as innocent as my own little child of this dreadful deed. He is too shrewd a fellow, and the last person to sign his name to such a work of blood. I do not think, either, that my townspeople really believe him guilty. But they thirst for vengeance, and must have a victim."

Mr. Hozen contrived to put off the day of vengeance for a month. Then another and another. Nin-po was closely guarded in the fort, a solid log house. Other matters engaged the attention of the colonists; the prisoner was almost forgotten. But he had an active enemy.

"This day," writes Mr. Hozen, on July 28, "came to my house Judge Poindexter. Verily, the man is so big and gross in person, and so loud of voice, that I scarce can blame my wife Patience for her antipathy to him, which she but illy conceals.

"'Well, parson,' quoth he, 'when shall we hang that redskin?'

"Now Sheinah was in the next room of the house with her babe. I could hear her singing a hymn to the child as she rocked it to sleep.

"I motion him to silence. 'The man's wife is here.'

"'Better hang her and the young cub,' he roared, with a laugh. 'Stamp out a nest of snakes is my way.'

"'You would not hang him without a trial?' I said.

"'He's not entitled to a trial, as you know very well, parson. He's a redskin.'

"I had forgotten the color of Nin-po's skin and the cruelty with which we deny him the protection of the law. God grant that this injustice may soon be righted."

(Good Mr. Hozen's prayer is not yet answered. To this day, an Indian accused of a crime is not entitled to a trial.)

"'Well,' said the judge, 'he has been kept there on our expense long enough. I mean to have him out and put out of the way next week.'

"'You do not believe that he murdered Mr. Murdock?' I said.

"'No, I don't say that I do. But he's none too good to do it. He's a worthless red devil, and I hold that the sooner we put an end to him and all of his color, the better.'

"Seth Jarrett was in the room. I have observed that Jarrett usually has his own way with the judge, while he seems to yield to him.

"'Doubtless you are right,' he said. 'But I have an idea. What if we had some fun out of the Indian? Our young men propose to have hurdle-races and jumping-matches. What if we give Nin-po a chance for his life? If he should win all the races, he shall go scot-free; if he lose one, he shall be hung?'

"Poindexter considered a moment. The proposals would suit the rough tastes of the village, he knew.

"'I agree' he said, with a hoarse laugh. 'We'll have the fun of seeing the miserable devil trying for his life, and then swinging afterwards.'

"So it was arranged. I should have no fear of Nin-po's success if he were himself. But the three months of unwonted confinement have weakened the poor fellow. He is hollow-eyed, and not in a condition to run a vigorous race.

"As for my wife, she and Sheinah consult daily. She says nothing, but I see her eyes rest upon Judge Poindexter in a way that is neither feminine nor godly."

We omit the good man's description of the preparations for the trial, or sport, as the colonists called it.

The day arrived. A field was roughly laid out for the contest. A space was cleared of grass and weeds for jumping. About the field stood the white men and women of the village; no Indians were in sight, not even Sheinah, "at which," says the good pastor, "I rejoice greatly."

Poindexter and one or two others carried their rifles. "Nin-po was brought out," records Mr. Hozen, "and placed between two armed men. He stood calm as if his only business was to taste the morning air, and not to struggle for his life.

"For me, I am not ashamed to say, I prayed to God for him. Surely God doth not, as we do, despise him for the color of his skin!

"First came standing leaps. George Notting, the English youth, cleared seven feet and a half. Then Nin-po leaped. Being measured, the space was called out seven feet. But I, coming in with my rule, declared it to be nearer eight.

"'Off with you, parson!' cried Poindexter. 'What doth one of your cloth do at ungodly games?'

"But I stood my ground. Another trial. George Notting, eight feet, one inch.

"Nin-po, seven feet, ten inches. I could not but acknowledge now that the measure was correct.

"'He hath lost!' cried Poindexter, and raised his rifle. The Indian stood motionless.

"'He hath a chance in the race,' said Seth.

"Then ensued a dispute. But it was decided in favor of Nin-po, some of the people wishing to give him a chance, and others to prolong the sport.

"Poindexter stood where he could cover the Indian with his rifle. A crowd of men were grouped around the judge. Behind him lay the forest.

"Nin-po, John Gabberly and Abraham Cutting were placed abreast. The race was for a hundred yards. I gave the word.

"They broke. Cutting led. Nin-po close behind. The Indian gained on him; passed.

"'The redskin wins!' shouted Seth, jumping up and down. Hearing that, Poindexter with an oath fired.

"The ball whizzed past the red man's head. He darted swift as if he were the arrow whose name he bears, up the goal, then leaped aside and struck the judge with his head full in the stomach.

"The fat man rolled over with a howl on the road. The people yelled with delight, and verily I could not chide them.

"Nin-po, with a bound reached the wood, where a figure which seemed to be that of a woman ran out with a horse. He leaped on the horse and vanished. Truly, I suspect the gray camlet petticoat which the woman wore to belong to my wife Patience, but when I returned to the house and found her at work churning, I asked no questions.

"A week later, I ventured to ask her what had become of Sheinah and the child, and was told pretty sharply that they had gone with Nin-po into the Western forests, where they could live in peace and not get their idea of Christianity from such men as Judge Poindexter. 'But Patience,' adds the good missionary, 'always had a nimble tongue.'

There is no further mention of Nin-po in the diary, but a year afterwards the pastor records the fact that the murderer of the Murdocks has been discovered to be a white villian from another settlement.—*Youths' Companion.*

CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

Mrs. Child, in her work advocating the abolition of capital punishment, gives a notice of two cases in which circumstantial evidence led to the execution of wrong parties.

A few years ago a poor German came to New York and took lodgings where he was allowed to do his cooking in the same room with the family. The husband and wife lived in a perpetual quarrel. One day the German came in the kitchen with a clasp-knife and a pan of potatoes, and began to pare them for his dinner. The quarrelsome couple were in more altercation than usual; but he sat with his back toward them, and, being ignorant of their language, felt in no danger of being involved in their dispute. But the woman, with a sudden and unexpected movement, snatched the knife from his hand and plunged it into her husband's heart. She had sufficient presence of mind to rush into the street and scream murder. The poor foreigner, in the meanwhile, seeing the wounded man reel, sprang forward to catch him in his arms, and drew out the knife. People from the street crowded in and found him with the dying man in his arms, the knife in his hand and blood upon his clothes. The wicked woman swore in the most positive terms that he had been fighting with her husband and had stabbed him with a knife he always carried. The unfortunate German knew too little English to understand her accusation or to tell his own story. He was dragged off to prison, and the true state of the case was made known through an interpreter; but it was not believed. Circumstantial evidence was exceedingly strong against the accused and the real criminal swore unhesitatingly that she saw him commit the murder. He was executed, notwithstanding the most persevering efforts of his lawyer, John Anthon, whose conviction of the man's innocence was painfully strong that from that day he has refused to have any connection with a capital case. Some years after this tragic event the woman died, and on her death-bed confessed her agency in the diabolical transaction; but her poor victim could receive no benefit from the early reparation; strength had wantonly thrown away its power to atone for the grevious wrong.

Many readers will doubtless recollect the tragical fate of Burton, in Missouri, on which a novel was founded, that still continues in the libraries. A young lady, belonging to a genteel and proud family in Missouri, was beloved by a young man named Burton, but unfortunately her affections were fixed on another less worthy. He left her with a tarnished reputation. She was by nature energetic and high spirited; her family were proud; and she lived in the midst of society which considered revenge a virtue, and named it honor. Misled by this false popular sentiment and her own excited feelings, she resolved to repay her lover's treachery by death. But she kept her secret so well that no one suspected her purpose, though she purchased pistols and practiced with them daily. Mr. Burton gave evidence of his strong attachment by renewing his attentions when the world looked coldly upon her. His generous kindness won her bleeding heart, but the softening influence of love did not lead her to forget the dreadful purpose she had formed. She watched for a favorable opportunity and shot her betrayer when no one was near to witness the horrible deed. Some little incident excited the suspicion of Burton, and he induced her to confess to him the whole transaction. It was obvious enough that suspicion would naturally fasten upon him, the well-known lover of her who had been so deeply injured. He was arrested, but succeeded in persuading her that he was in no danger. Circumstantial evidence was fearfully against him and he soon saw that his chance was doubtful; but with affectionate magnanimity he concealed this from her. He was convicted and condemned. A short time before his execution he endeavored to cut his throat, but his life was saved for the cruel purpose of taking it away according to the cold-blooded barbarism of the law. Pale and wounded he was hoisted to the gallows before the gaze of a Christian community.

The guilty cause of all this was almost frantic when she found that he had thus sacrificed himself to save her. She immediately published the whole history of her wrongs and her revenge. Her keen sense of wounded honor was in accordance with public sentiment. Her wrongs excited indignation and compassion, and the knowledge that an innocent and magnanimous man had been so treated excited a general revulsion of popular feeling. No one wished for another victim, and she was left unpunished, save by the records of the memory.

A ROMANCE OF THE SEA.

HOW AN ENGLISH LADY FOUND A FRENCH HUSBAND.

A Boston *Transcript* correspondent writes as follows:

It was the bathing hour on the beach at Etretat, and the bathers were making merry in the water, decending and ascending the long line of planks which were laid over the pebbly beach from the bath-house to the water's edge.

Down the planks walked, follow a party of well known English, a new-comer closely wrapped in a white peignoir, with her face almost concealed with the broad straw hat tied down with a strip of scrlet; at the water's edge she threw aside the peignoir, showing a tall, fine figure, and the bathing costume, which was made after the fashion adopted in the place—sleeveless, and only to the knees. It was evidently her first bath at Etretat, and as she stepped into the water she looked round with a prudish, half-timid look—not to be wondered at—upon the crowd of witnesses, for, as the beach is very steep and pebbely, and the tides form terraces with the rocks, the spectators lounge within a few feet of the water's edge, and friends, one swimming in deep water, the other reclining upon the dry shingle, can, by raising their voices a little, converse with each other.

Our new comer was the last of her party to step into the water, and as she hesitated, did not notice the huge wave approaching, but Jerome, the bather, did, and just as the wave struck, grasped her in his arms as the water closed over them. There was a shout of laughter and scrambling on the beach for the tide had turned, and, the water bathed the feet of several unprepared. The wave receded, unveiling the pair—the English lady and the bather, a handsome group in color and modelling; Jerome, a tall well-built Norman, with clear cut, large features, and honest eyes shaded by the sailor's beret, resembling the Scotchman's bonnet, and wearing a red-flannel shirt and black pants, that being soaked showed the modelling of his athletic figure. He held my lady like a child across his arms, hers were around his neck, and her white feet, incased in pretty canvass shoes, hanging down close together, were a pretty finish to the composition.

This all happened years ago. And Miss Graham lingered in the village after all the summer guests had departed, being amongst the last bathers, and forming one of the little group which still dined at the end of the hotel table that had been so crowded only a few weeks before.

She lingered until the herring season began. One morning, when I had with much effort, prompted by curiosity, crawled out of a warm bed just before daylight to see the boats return, I found her on the beach before me amongst the fishwives, who did not seem to think it strange that an English lady should be eccentric.

She was warmly dressed, and wore a beret which, although tied down with a veil, gave her something of a sailor-like appearance, not out of keeping with the place.

This morning Jerome's boat was nearest me, or perhaps it was because Miss Graham was nearest Jerome's boat that I happened to be there, and when I remarked to her on the manly appearance of Jerome, and added that there was a tradition that the inhabitants of these parts were descended from the Danish kings, was I surprised at the warmth of her acquiescence in what I had only said for the sake of making conversation, and more so when I saw the recognition that passed between the two?

Jerome was a "master fisherman," he owned his boat, was captain and had the lion's share of the profits. And as he stood there, his broad back braced against the boat, dressed in a brown beret woven Jersey and leather boots up to the thighs, was every inch a man, and I could imagine him playing any heroic part, except the one he was acting—that of a Romeo.

How it came about I never knew, although I heard several versions of the story; but they married. Yes, an English lady heiress a Normandy fisherman. She was fine looking, young, rich, and more than ordinary agreeable and intelligent. He was, in the language of his comrades, "unbeen male," a good fellow, honored by his confreres for his frankness in speech and for his extraordinary strength. He had a full, rich voice, richer, perhaps, as he used pure Normandy patois.

The wedding day was a holiday in Etretat; not a boat went out, but all were hauled up on the beach, and decorated with flags; the church was crowded; all wished to shake hands with the bride and groom, and set up a hearty shout as they started on the journey in a carriage from the church steps.

They returned to Etretat and built a "cottage by the sea," the prettiest one of the group to the north of the Casino. And here they seemed very happy, and if the bride ever regretted her own relatives, she had enough of his to console her, for her husband was related to half the village.

Do you want the end of this story? It is short. During the first year of this strangely assorted couple's life, monsieur, wishing to adopt the manners of his new position, went out hunting with a party of gentlemen, and was wounded by an accidental discharge of his gun, and died shortly afterwards—His widow still mourns his loss, comes every summer to the pretty but lonely cottage, and heads the list of charities.

All the fishermen speak of him as un bon garcon, and would be very much surprised and perhaps show resentment if one should suggest that it was a strange affair.

I have not given with this history the real name of the lovers. You will find the true ones on the window of the church at Etretat, the third on the right. It represents the Virgin with the child in her arms, but on this St. Sauveur's day strangely reminded me of the first time I saw Jerome and Miss Emily.

"DEN DON'T TALK."—A colored woman was up before a New York judge, not long since, charged with cruelly beating her boy.

"I don't understand how you can have the heart to treat your own child so cruelly."

"Jedge, has you been a parent of a wufless yaller boy like dat ar cub ob mine?"

"Never! no, never!" ejaculated the judge with great vehemence.

"Den don't talk."

There was such a sensation that the judge had to call "next" four or five times before order was restored.

DOCTOR BILLS are abominable and not needed in kidney and liver affections, as PERUNA and MANALIN will cure them.

CALUMNIATING A NOBLE RACE.

Mr. John Walter, the owner of the London *Times*, has departed from the rule of his life and spoken with some freedom to an interviewer. Among his contributions to the wisdom of current debate is a judgment on Philadelphia's pavements, overhead railroads and the irrepressibility of the Irish, which are worth a word of comment. He lands Philadelphia the most execrably paved city in the known world, with money wasted in ludicrously misplaced and miscalculated public edifices, which, if properly expended, would give the citizens some of the comforts as well as the burdens of city life. The overhead roads he regard as, all things considered, more desirable than the underground lines, providing, of course, that instead of being the hideous man traps now reigning in New York they be constructed as the Pennsylvania line is from the river to Penn Square. To this point the opinion of the eminent publicist falls in with the ascertained convictions of most accurate observers, but when he deals with the Irish race in this summary fashion it is impossible to credit the sagacious penetration of the preceding remarks as uttered by the tongue capable of the following narrow, unjust, unphilosophic and libelous calumny: "The Irish," he says, "are a fractious, turbulent people. They are so by temperament, individually and collectively. Take, for instance, your own country. Look at Maryland and Pennsylvania riots some years ago. Who were the prime factors in these disturbances? The Irish; and so you will find it the world over. The Irish have been and always will be different people to deal with."

Men who were not bad and meant to tell the truth have been burnt and quartered for utterances, which were holy writ compared to this incredible out pouring of prejudice. Mr. Walter cannot have read the history of the generous, magnanimous people thus traduced or he would have shrunk from the alternatives his words placed him between. A people who have endured spoliation and tyranny of the exquisitely cruel sort which the fecundity of the robust English intellect seems alone capable of inventing can hardly be called intractable. That there has been an alien Englishman on the soil of Ireland during the last seven hundred years is an irrefragable testimony to the low shiftlessness of a people whose blood has washed every battle-field where the British flag waved over a victorious army. It does not become the mouth of a Briton to denounce the race that gave the House of Hanover a Wellington, a Burke, a Sheridan and a Palmerston, a Nelson and a Dundonald; it does not befit a race saved from the universal dominion of first the Bourbon and then the Bonaparte on the fields of Ramilies, Blenheim, Malplaqu

Cambria Freeman.

EBENSBURG, PA.,
FRIDAY, - - - - NOV. 11, 1881.

It is stated in Washington on the best authority that John C. New, of Indiana, has been offered and has accepted the mission to Russia, as the successor of John W. Foster, resigned. The appointment of John C. New to a first class foreign mission would have been worthy of Grant in the worst days of his administration.

The returns of last Tuesday contest indicate Bailey's election as State Treasurer by about *five* thousand majority. Wolfe's vote in the State will not be far from 50,000, and of this number it is now conceded that not less than *ten* thousand were Democrats, who deliberately went to the polls and by voting for Wolfe defeated their own candidate, Noble, and elected Cameron's man, Bailey. It is the latest and most certain method discovered, or invented, by Democrats in this State of smashing the Camerom machine in politics, and ought to be patented.

The New York *Times* says that the cry of a potato famine in this country has caused the importation of tons of the genuine Irish potato to that port—that eight hundred bags of them were received there on last Monday week, and that thirty tons in addition were daily expected on one vessel and fifty tons on another. Dealers sell them at $2,25 and $2,50 per barrel. These imported potatoes come chiefly from the north of Ireland, and one dealer in the articie, while in a humorous mood, remarked: "Even the potatoes in Ireland cannot live under British rule, and must fly to a land of liberty."

We call the attention of our readers to the prospectus of the New York *Sun* for 1882, which will be found published elsewhere. Mr. England, the publisher, promises that by a liberal use of the means which an abundant prosperity affords, he will make the *Sun* "better than ever before." This is saying a great deal, but we do not doubt that the pledge will be literally redeemed. The *Sun* is a most remarkable paper, is edited with the highest ability and is fearlessly independent in all its discussions of public measures and of public men. The weekly edition of the *Sun* for the low price of $1 a year, postage paid, is a newspaper peculiarly worthy of a place in every household in the land.

Not the least gratifying result of the late election is the defeat of John Cessna for Judge in the Somerset district. A special dispatch from Somerset to the Johnstown *Tribune*, published on the day after the election, says: "Cessna's majority in Somerset county is three hundred. Baer is elected by less than fifty." Assuming this to be true, we congratulate the people of Somerset and Bedford counties on the narrow escape they made from having their Courts presided over by as perfect a specimen of a political demagogue as this or any other State has ever produed. So far as fitness for a high judicial station is concerned, Wm. J. Baer and John Cessna were cast in very different moulds.

Only one hundred millions are asked for by Dudley, the new Commissioner of Pensions, to pay pensions next year, with the prospect of a large increase thereafter. Bentley, the late Commissioner, made the statement while in office that fraud in pensions amounted to at least *twenty* per cent. on the the whole amount paid out by the treasury. but members of Congress of both parties were afraid to meet the question as it ought to have been met, and cowered before the soldier element, or rather the claim agent element, and recklessly passed pension laws and supplement after supplement to them, which must be modified, or it will require more money than can be raised under the present revenue laws to meet the expenses.

The Democrats elected their State ticket in New York on Tuesday, with the exception, perhaps, of Secretary of State, and secured a majority on joint ballot in the Legislature. The repudiation thieves assisted by President Arthur, appear to have elected their Governor in Virginia, and will also control the Legislature. This is the worst day's work done against the constitution and the Union since the firing of Fort Sumter in the Spring of 1861, and covers Virginia and the Republican administration of the General Government, and especially the Republican members of the U. S. Senate, with deep and undying infamy and disgrace. The results in other States in which election were held require no notice, as no material change in any of them was effected.

The representatives of the French government who came to this country about a month ago to attend the centennial celebration of the surrender of Gen. Cornwallis at Yorktown, Virginia, on the 19th of October, 1781, sailed from New York for home on Wednesday last, and the seven descendants of Gen. Steuben, who came over from Germany for the same purpose, sailed from the same port on yesterday. During their visit they have been the guests of the Republic and have been liberally and munificently entertained at Washington, Baltimore, Philadelphia, Boston and New York, the festivities in their honor closing with a grand ball in the last named city on Monday night. After the ceremonies at Yorktown had been concluded, Mr. Blaine, Secretary of State, placed the seven Steubens, all of whom are officers in the German army, in charge of his son, Walter Blaine, who accompanied them on a trip to Cincinnati, St. Louis and Chicago, in each of which cities they were feasted and entertained in a becoming and generous style. In discharging the duty assigned to him young Mr. Blaine must have encountered some severe and embarrassing trials, from the fact that neither of the Steubens can speak a word of English, while he himself is as blissfully ignorant of the German lingo, even in its basest form, "low Dutch," as he is of the language of the Choctaw Indians.

BARKER BEATEN!

KENNEDY KONQUERS!

ALL OUR COUNTY CANDIDATES, SAVE ONE, ELECTED!

AND THAT'S WHY THE DEMOCRATIC ROOSTER FLAPS HIS WINGS AND CROWS MOST LUSTILY!

The election in this county on Tuesday resulted in the success of the entire Democratic ticket, with the exception of James Myers, one of the nominees for Associate Judge, who is defeated by Jos. Masters, the Republican candidate. The campaign was unusually exciting in regard to County Treasurer, Mr. Barker and his friends, having determined, as it seems to us, as soon as he was nominated, that he must be elected, even if they called to their aid all the questionable appliances known to political warfare. We have been familiar with political campaigns in this county for the past thirty years, and we never saw a more determined effort made in any man's behalf than was made in the interest of F. H. Barker. We do not say, because we do not know, that money was attempted to be used in corrupting voters, but almost every other expedient was made use of to wheedle Democrats into his support. Some of the performances of his active workers in the north of the county, as they were detailed to us, would make "mighty interesting" reading, but as they signally failed in effecting their purpose we will let them remain unpublished. No Republican candidate can win a contest in this county on the theory adopted by the Johnstown *Tribune*, and by Mr. Barker's leading supporters in this end of the county that the Democrats are all fools and only know enough to teach them when to come in out of the rain. Perhaps they will be wiser in the future.

According to a Washington special. Republican members of Congress are preparing a bill for the admission of Dakota as a State. This leads the Buffalo *Courier* (Dem.) to say that if the condition of public opinion were entirely healthy such a scheme would not be thought of. The Republicans have captured the Senate by the aid of two Senators who were elected by Democratic votes and supported the Democratic Presidential ticket last year. The bare and precarious majority thus obtained they expect to make permanent by securing two Senators from the Territory which last year in the election of a Delegate in Congress, showed a large Republican majority. It will be remembered that if Colorado had not been admitted to the Union in 1874 the party in power two years later would only have retained its control of the Government by extending the Returning Board frauds committed in Lousiana and Florida to another Southern State, North Carolina, where the counting machinery was in Republican hands. The question whether Dakota ought to be admitted as a State, considered on its merits, hardly requires discussion. The Terrritory at its census of last year had not more than 135,000 inhabitants—20,000 less than Buffalo. But one half of this city, which contains all the elements of the highest civilization, would make a more respectable State than the fluctuating population of a Territory which has only been settled within the last seven or eight years. There are certainly precedents for the admission of a Territory in the present condition of Dakota. But likewise there are precedents for election frauds, and, indeed, the scheme in question is nothing but ballot-box stuffing under the forms of the law.

Commenting on this movement, the Philadelphia *Record* (Ind.) says that the proposition to eke out the Republican strength in the Senate of the United States by admitting Dakota into the Union ought not to find favor in any quarter. Although a usual party expedient it is a desperate one. No new State should be admitted to the Union which has not a voting strength sufficient to entitle it to a representative in the lower branch of Congress.

The number of Land Leaguers arrested and thrown into prison in the four provinces of Ireland is placed at 244. A novel, but of course ineffective, plan has been adopted in some parts of the west of that country for the purpose of keeping the "no rent" manifesto before the tenants. It takes the form of a promissory note containing a promise to pay the rent due on the pay that Parnell Davitt and the other imprisoned members of the League are released, the note to be signed by the tenants and sent to landlords, who of course would repudiate any such one-sided arrangement. The decisions of the Land Commission thus far have been well received by the tenants, but not by the landlords, who complain that Lord O'Hagan, the head, or Chief Justice of the Court, is harder on them than Mr. Parnell was, and solicitors in Dublin say that they might nearly as well appear for the landlords before a branch of the League as before O'Hagan and his two associate Commissioners. It looks as if the Land act, under the broad and comprehensive interpretation given of it by Justice O'Hagan and his colleagues, will be found to possess more virtue or relief for the wrongs of the tenants than they were at first taught to expect from it. At all events there seems to be a general disposition on the part of the tenants to give it a chance to work out whatever of good there is in it, which is a most wise and eminently prudent conclusion for them to reach, instead of repudiating it in advance.

The charge so often made against ex-Senator Wallace that he owed his election to the Senate, to Simon Cameron and his son, having been repeated by Chas. S. Wolfe in one or perhaps more of his public speeches, Mr. Wallace disposes of the matter by outlishing the following denial of the charge in the Harrisburg *Patriot* of Tuesday last:

CLEARFIELD, Pa., November 7.—The statement made by Mr. Wolfe that I owed my election to the Senate to the Camerons is untrue. The reverse is the fact. The Democracy had a majority of eight in the legislature. I was nominated in the Democratic caucus by one hundred and six votes out of one hundred and twenty-two. An effort was then made to unite the Republicans and a few Democrats on another candidate. Senator Rutan was the Cameron leader in this movement and negotiated with my enemies for two days to defeat me and elect a bolter or a Republican. This movement failed because Senator Strang and fifteen other anti-Cameron Republicans preferred my election to that of a bolter and boldly said so.

WILLIAM A. WALLACE.

In the Criminal Court of the District of Columbia Judge Cox on yesterday, after full and lengthy argument, discharged the defendants in the Star route cases on the ground that the crime charged was infamous, and that they could not be proceeded against by information, but only by indictment.

OUR PHILADELPHIA LETTER.

HAPPY TIDINGS—WHAT AMERICA OWES TO THE CATHOLICS—AFTER THE ELECTION THE SLAUGHTER.

PHILADELPHIA, Oct. 31, 1881.

[Special Correspondence of the FREEMAN.]

DEAR HENRY—I am thankful and happy that I was not a depositor in that New Jersey bank of which Mr. Baldwin was the cashier. I feel joyful that I am not embarrassed on account of that bank's failure.—The directors of the Mechanics' National Bank of New Jersey should also be happy—at least should felicitate themselves with the pleasing reflection that their able, enterprising and obliging cashier did not give Mr. Nugent the bank building. They should be thankful that Mr. Baldwin did not allow Mr. Nugent to carry off that magnificent structure. Mahone is happy that every revenue district in the United States came down handsomely to help him in his repudiation propaganda. He is happy in obtaining the resources of success, and makes no bows in saying that with the money thus attained he bought every negro vote in Virginia. I am delighted to learn that we are to have "A Swallow-Tail and Chateau-Yquem Administration." There is to be a different branch of manners in the White House. Arthur had a preacher for a paternal sire, and moved all his life in good society. It is said that to see Arthur in a drawing-room you would think he was born there and grew up with the place. It would charm a Chesterfield to see Arthur turn easily from one group of gentlemen and ladies to another with nothing in either tone or manner to indicate that he was anybody in particular, but that he had just that easy dignity and polish without the least ostentation, which befits high official life in a Republic. There is to be no bygone provincialism at the White House, but things will be done on an educated New York basis. At the Executive Mansion there will be no gross vulgarity of plain whisky, but the choicest old vintages; no more of the garlic and Sans Culiottes barbarities of our ancesters, but the ethics of a bill of fare fit for gentlemen, and clothes that fit. Yes, indeed, dear Henry, times wi'l look up under Arthur. Is it any wonder, then, that I am delighted? Who should not be? It affords me infinite pleasure to be able to impart to the readers of the FREEMAN the joyful tidings that President Arthur has for the past week been in New York finishing up his awfully complicated private business, and that most fortunately for him he has Grant, Conkling and a host of other stalwarts with him assisting to settle up his private affairs.

WHAT AMERICA OWES TO THE CATHOLICS.

Col. John W. Forney, editor of *Progress*, in an article on the religious commemoration in St. Joseph's Catholic church, this city, of the one hundredth anniversary of the surrender at Yorktown of the British army under Lord Cornwallis, says: "All the diplomatic history of the period proves the assertion *that, but for the aid rendered to the cause of America in the Revolution by the Catholic King of France, Louis the Sixteenth, this continent would to day be as much a British dependency as the Dominion of Canada.*" All the Protestant powers of the world, headed by Great Britain, were either hostile to the Colonies or silent. It was Catholic France that lead the way, and saved the American continent to freedom. Washington, Adams, Livingston, Morris, and Franklin, all admitted it and there is a special historic justice in the gratitude the American people owe to the two Catholic governments, France and Spain. The descendents of Lafayette, De Grasse, Rochambeau, Steuben, De Kalb, Luzerne, Kosciusko, and other brave Catholics who aided the American Colonies to conquer peace and liberty, should ever be dear in the hearts of the American people.—Columbus, who discovered America, was a devout Catholic; Americus Vospucius was a Catholic; Vasco de Gama was a Catholic, and so was the heroic priest, Las Cassas. It was Catholics who move to the front of destiny and assisted American freedom with their blood and treasure.

AFTER THE ELECTION THE SLAUGHTER.

Had Arthur's Cabinet been made one month ago, Benjamin Harris Brewster would have been Attorney General. One brief month of the adulation of the courtiers of power have effaced all memory that Arthur had of Garfield's policy. It was the impulse of Arthur to show some respect for Garfield's policy, but Grant and the leading stalwarts of the party would not allow him to do so. Grant is closer to Arthur than any man except Conkling, and Grant demands a stalwart administration. He commands that the administration be made boldly stalwart, and that the party be given to understand that Garfield is dead and that his policy is dead with him. He commands an immediate and entire stalwart Cabinet which will at once dismiss all the Garfield Cabinet but Lincoln, who was a Grant delegate to the Chicago Convention, but not admitted. Although Brewster is a stalwart, he is not stalwart enough for the stalwartism of the day. Arthur is as uncompromising, bitter and aggressive a stalwart as Grant, but he is a more intelligent man than Grant, and although the great gift-taker urged the immediate nomination of Conkling, Beale, Boutwell and others, Arthur will wait until after the election to begin the work of slaughtering the Garfield men. Blaine must remain for a time. The reason for the postponement of the execution of Blaine to stalwartize the administration until after the election is that it would cost the Republicans of Pennsylvania the loss of thousands of votes for Bally by throwing them to Wolfe. Arthur's desire is to get the stalwarts into complete possession of the administration without fatally shocking the Republican party. After the election the slaughter of the Garfielders will commence.

PITNEY'S EXPOSITION.

There are reasons for believing that there will yet be a large amount of rascality and corruption in the departments at Washington unearthed. There will be much truth in Pitney's contemplated exposition of complicity on the part of some of his official superiors in the frauds perpetrated through him on the Treasury. Pitney is of the small kind that usually is caught, while the bigger kind break through the net which is spread for their entanglement. Pitney is only one of the smaller fry, but he will make revelations that will be very damaging to larger fry. He asserts that all he did was done under orders from his superiors in office.

REDEEMING HIS PROMISE.

On taking the oath of office Mr. Arthur made a solemn promise that he would be guided by the example and policy of his lamented predecessor, and notwithstanding this it will not be two months before not one of the advisers of Garfield will be left in the Cabinet of Arthur. The work of dispersing Garfield's Cabinet and destroying his policy his policy is being done by Arthur with circumspection. Morgan was intended as a warming pan for Conkling, whose immediate appointment would have been too severe a shock to the nervous system of the "Half Breeds." In a few months the public mind will be better prepared for the reception of Conkling. The "Half Breeds," although they are making desperate efforts to conceal the unpalatable truth from themselves, see the purpose of Arthur to surround himself with stalwarts who were defeated at Chicago in 1880. This the way Arthur is redeeming his promise on taking the oath of office that he would be guided by the example and policy of his lamented predecessor. Before the year is out, there will not be one Garfield man left in the Cabinet. Thus is Arthur redeeming his promise.

G. N. S.

JAMES REDPATH ON ENGLISH MISRULE.—A large and extremely respectable audience was gathered in Chickering Hall last evening, says the New York *World* of Monday, to hear Mr. Redpath describe the results of his last experiences in Ireland. Mr. Redpath was introduced by Mr. D. Gallagher, President of the Parnell branch of the Land League, under whose auspices the meeting was held, and received a perfect ovation.—He described most forcibly the impression produced by an extended tour through Donegal and the west of Cork, and pictured the desolation and misery produced by landlordism in the former county, where families averaging four and a half in number were fed and clad for a total of $61 a year, and yet compelled, to pay a rent three times greater than Griffith's valuation. He recited in feeling terms the outrages perpetrated in the County Cork, in the neighborhood of Skibbereen, where the country is peculiarly rocky and barren, during the wholesale evictions carried on there by the authority and by the authority and with the help of the English Government. He said he saw a woman who had received a bayonet wound in the breast, and quite lately an old woman and a young girl were bayonetted and are now dead.—And this under a woman's reign! Cromwell massacred the Irish in the name of God; Victoria massacres them in the name of property. But the men of Ireland were firmly united in determination to obtain their rights, and behind them were the great mass of the clergy, who are among the most radical in their views, and behind them a greater power still in the women of Ireland. Ireland was the only country in the world where it was an honor to be in jail, and he thanked God that Parnell, Davitt and the rest had been imprisoned, as their utterances had far more power from the cells than they could have from the platform. The race that for centuries has found in every new defeat but a reason for a new battle could never be crushed and were bound to triumph in the end.

A VERY SAD SCENE.

A MOTHER AND DAUGHTER SENT TO JAIL FOR FORGERY, PERJURY AND CONSPIRACY.

The U. S. District Court, this morning, witnessed a scene of an unusually sad character. During the week the case of John Love, Mrs. Mary M. Love, and Mrs. Sarah E. McDowell, was called up for trial. They were indicted on three charges, growing out of an attempt to obtain a pension from the United States, and the charges involved conspiracy and bribery. It seemed that a son of Mr. and Mrs. Love had been in the army, and that after his return home he had been attacked with typhoid fever and died. Subsequently the parents received blanks from a pension agent in Washington, accompanied by a letter informing them that they were entitled to a pension, and requesting them to fill in the blanks so that the application could be made in due form. They returned the blanks several times, but finally concluded to attempt to obtain the pension which the agent asserted was due to them. Having gone thus far they indulged in the crime of forgery, and also perjury, the latter crime having been committed in making affidavit that the son had died from disease contracted while in the service. The husband, wife, and daughter live in Fairfield township, Westmoreland county, and up to the time of the charges being made in this case, were highly respected by their neighbors and acquaintances.

As soon as the charges were made, however, the husband, who was an elder in the church, was summoned before session, and after a somewhat protracted trial was exonerated. When the case came on for trial in the District Court this week, District Attorney Stone moved for a nolle pros. so far as the husband was concerned, and Mrs. Love and her daughter, Mrs. McDowell, entered a plea of guilty in manner and form as indicted on the three charges.

This morning the mother and daughter were present to receive the sentence of the Court. The mother, who has reached a venerable age, was bowed down with grief. Her face was wrinkled, her hair almost white, and she was clad in deep black. The daughter sat close to her, and clasped the hand of the mother with such earnestness that it was observed by all spectators who were present. The father, who had been relieved from the toils of the law, sat near his wife, and when she gave way to tears wiped his eyes in a nervous way that indicated deep feeling.

W. C. Moreland, Esq., attorney for the defendants, made a brief but feeling address to the Court. He said the guilt of the charges had been admitted, but he asked the Court to consider the age of the mother, and the temptations which had been held out to the daughter. While the father had been kept in ignorance of what was going on, the claim agent at Washington had been insisting on the mother and daughter filling in the blanks he had sent them. They had done wrong, but they did not seem to have had any conception of the wrong they were committing. He hoped the Court would be as lenient as was consistent with justice.

District Attorney Stone said the case was one of the saddest with which he had ever been connected. He alluded to the charges which had been preferred against the defendants, and said that as a plea of guilty had been entered it was his duty to ask the Court to carry out the law. He alluded feelingly to the gray-haired mother, and said that while he was the prosecutor for the Government he would ask that justice would be tempered with mercy.

Judge Acheson, after the attorneys had concluded their remarks, said the case was certainly a most distressing one. That two women, respectably connected, should engage in such a crime and carry it out was almost beyond belief. In view of the plea made by counsel and the statement made by the District Attorney the Court had concluded not to send the defendants to the penitentiary. The Court might err in this matter, but the error would be on the side of mercy. The age of one of the defendants had influenced the Court in imposing the sentence, and instead of sending the convicted parties to the penitentiary they would be committed to the Westmoreland county jail.

The parties were then each sentenced to the Westmoreland County jail on two indictments, and on the third were sentenced to pay a fine of $5, and $100 in addition to the cost of prosecution. On the third indictment they were each sentenced to pay a fine of $100 and costs. After the sentence had been announced both mother and daughter burst into tears, and some minutes elapsed before the proceedings were resumed.—*Pittsburg Chronicle of Saturday.*

The prisoners were taken to the jail at Greensburg on Saturday afternoon where another sad scene was enacted. It is the general opinion that the old lady will not outlive her two years' imprisonment.

FOUR MEN KILLED AT THE POLLS.—Four white men were killed and two severely wounded by negroes on Tuesday last at Main station, Miss. The negroes opened fire on the whites at the polls while the election was going on. The whites had no arms to defend themselves with and consequently none of the blacks suffered. One of the men killed was A. T. Harvey, Democratic candidate for County Assessor. The Sheriff, with a posse from Meridian, found about a hundred negroes barricaded in the dwelling house of their leader. Ed. Vance. The posse were fired upon by negroes as they approached the house. Another body of armed men from Meridian went to the scene of the disturbance to assist the Sheriff. With this exception the election in that county passed off quietly and orderly.

The Sheriff's posse, consisting of about one hundred men, surrounded Ed. Vance's house to capture the instigators and perpetrators of the murders, and demanded their surrender, which was refused. John Vance, aged 22, a son of Ed. Vance, riding up, pointed a gun at the posse and was shot and killed. A. G. Warren, of the posse, was killed instantly by a shot fired from inside of the house. Ed. Vance and the negroes escaped. Several negroes in escaping were shot at and wounded. Will Vance, aged about 30, a son of Ed. Vance, was captured and lodged in jail. The Sheriff received a slight wound from a spent bullet. Hardin Jones, of the posse, was slightly wounded. Vance and the negroes fought desperately all day.

MR. MARTIN A. CONNOLLY, a merchant in Oil City, Pa., writes: "I inherited ill health from my parents, who were both short-lived. My wife is a sickly little woman, and has suffered considerably. We have had five children, three of whom died in infancy; the other two, a boy 4 years of age and a girl of 7 years, have always been quite puny, weak and sickly. Some time ago I read a medical work that spoke of iron being essential to life, that a want of iron in the blood was the principal cause of ill health. Shortly afterwards I saw an advertisement of Brown's Iron Bitters. I determined to try it for myself and family. The result has far exceeded my greatest anticipation. Myself, wife and children have all grown healthy and strong. Sores, aches and pains, headaches, indigestion and sleeplessness, formerly so common in my family, trouble us no more. Every bottle is worth its weight in gold.

AN old man at Halmstown, a village in Lancaster county, was murdered a few days ago to procure an insurance on his life. The parties interested in the policy made the man drunk, took him into a hay loft, arranged a trap, and then, after he had slept for a time, called him. He staggered upon the trap, fell through, and died soon after. The names of the parties are withheld for the present, for the reason that it might defeat the ends of justice in giving them to the public now. The Lancaster *New Era* says it is one of the most deliberate murders that ever took place in that county, and it seems almost impossible to believe that men who engage in this business, which has the taint of fraud and murder written all over it want to be considered honest, righteous, and even Christians.

ASHBURNHAM, Mass., Jan. 14th, 1880.—I have been very sick over two years. They all gave me up as past cure. I tried the most skillful physicians, but they did not reach the worst part. The lungs and heart would fill up every night and distress me, and my throat was very bad. I told my children that I never should die in peace until I had tried Hop Bitters. I have taken too bottles. They have helped me very much indeed. I am now well. There was a lot of sick folks here who have seen how they helped me, and they used them and are cured, and feel as thankful as I do that there is so valuable a medicine made.

MRS. JULIA G. GUSHING.

THE Irish landlords are greatly alarmed at the recent decisions of the Land Court. If rents are to be reduced 30 per cent., the loss to landlords will not be less than 27,000,000 a year. The English landlords are also thanked God that Parnell, Davitt and the rest had been imprisoned, as their utterances had far more power from the cells than they could have from the platform. The race that for centuries has found in every new defeat but a reason for a new battle could never be crushed and were bound to triumph in the end.

A SURE, positive cure for costiveness—MANALIN. For sale at the new drug store, Ebensburg, Pa.

NEWS AND OTHER NOTICES.

—Charles Albright was waylaid in Harrisburg early on Saturday morning and robbed of $1600.

—John Shaub, of Lower Chanceford, York county, has a horse 37 years old that is in daily service.

—David Eby of Hamilton township, Franklin county, raised 600 bushels of white potatoes on 4½ acres of ground.

—The Catholics of Trenton, N. J., welcomed Bishop O'Farrell to his new see on Wednesday with appropriate ceremonies.

—Massy Hill, colored, who attempted an outrage on a little girl near Manchester, Tenn., was taken from jail on Saturday night and lynched.

—The late President's fiftieth birthday anniversary falls upon the 19th instant. It is proposed in Cincinnati to hold a semi-centennial observance.

—John Stackhouse, of Pittsburg, was prevented by his parents from marrying Emma Oswald, whom he had ruined. The girl took poison and died.

—A man was made in an instant bald headed forever, in Mobile, by the explosion of a firecracker in his hat. It was the work of his playful son.

—Nine persons were killed and many others were injured on Wednesday morning by the falling of two houses at the corner of Grand street and South Fifth avenue, New York.

—A fourteen-year old daughter of David Harmon, of Upper Latimore, Adams county, ran a splinter in her foot. A week after lockjaw set in and she died from the effects last week.

—Martin Goldwerthy, in jail at Paris, Logan county, Ark., for murder, escaped on Sunday by leaving his mother in his cell and wearing a portion of her clothing to disguise him as he passed out.

—"Ah, how well do I remember—it was in the bleak November," when I caught the cold that was wearing me surely, and swiftly away; but I heard of Dr. Bull'siCough Syrup—took it, and am well.

—A few days ago a three-year-old child was missed at Niles, Mich., and after a search was found in an upper room fast asleep in a trunk with the lid closed. It could not possibly have lived there much longer.

—The trial of W. H. Scott, ex-Governor of South Carolina, for killing Warren G. Drury, at Napoleon, Ohio, last Christmas, resulted on Saturday of a verdict of not guilty. Scott claimed that the shooting was accidental.

—Charles Hebden, a wealthy farmer living two miles south of Capac, St. Clair county, who had been for some time insane, killed his three year old son by cutting his throat with a razor, and then fatally cut his own throat.

—Five thousand people paid twenty-five cents each admission fee on Sunday to Caledonia Park, Jersey City, to listen to O'Connor, member of the British Parliament, speaking in the interest of the Land League of Ireland.

—Beckie Frame, a white woman in Philadelphia, was so severely beaten by John Frame, colored, Thursday, that she died next day at the Pennsylvania hospital. The pair had been living together as man and wife. Frame is in custody.

—A woman at Marietta, Ohio, on reading of somebody having committed suicide by means of a towel, remarked that she did not understand how it could be done; but an hour afterwards she was found choked to death in exactly the same manner.

—Eddie Smith, aged only eleven years, stabbed himself with a penknife at Titusville one night last week in the presence of his boyhood love, a little girl of his own age, who had slighted him at a birthday party. The wound is serious, but not fatal.

—When William J. Handy, of Somerset county, Md., lost his slaves by the war, he declared that he would never employ hired labor. His farm became a wilderness, and it was a struggle to reach his house. Last week he was sent to an insane asylum.

—The Boone (Iowa) *Standard* contradicts a current story that a fund of $3,000 has been collected for Miss Kate Shelly, the brave young Irish girl who saved a passenger train from destruction on a stormy night. The entire amount subscribed thus far is $500.35.

—A terrible accident occurred at Keokuk, Iowa, on Friday evening about 7 o'clock. The steamer War Eagle, going south, ran against a span of the Keokuk and Hamilton bridge, breaking it into fragments. Eight persons are known to have been drowned.

—The Portland (Me.) *Argus* says that the late Justice Clifford did leave an elaborate paper upon the electoral commission, but that his son, William H. Clifford, has not yet had time to read it. It is thought it will be published in book form some time in the future.

—Wm. Forwood and John Quigly were struck by the limited express train at Claymont, Delaware county, on Friday. The latter was instantly killed, and the former mortally wounded. The wagon they were in was torn to atoms and the two horses were killed outright.

—At Forestville, Chautauqua county, N. Y., Nellie Record eloped Thursday night with a young man named Dell Dye. The young lady was to have been married next day to her father's partner, Warren Hooker, and cards had been issued. All the parties moved in the highest circles.

—A 13 year-old girl in Rushford, Allegheny county, N. Y., agreed to elope with a hostler. She hid in an old chest in the dooryard, and when her lover came up she was ready to go. But her ancient grand-mother, who saw her hide, stepped in and the elopement was indefinitely postponed.

—Archbishop Croke, of Cashel replying to the address of a branch of the Land League on Friday last, advised tenants to tender fair rent. If refused the fault would not be theirs. It would show that the Irish can, for their country's sake, endure insults and injuries. He declared that the Government had established a reign of terror.

—A preliminary report has been made by the Government bank examiner, showing the actual deficiency in the accounts of the Newark Mechanics' National Bank to be $2,411,000, which must be made up by assessments on stockholders and depositors. The bank examiner estimates that the depositors will receive from fifty to sixty per cent of their dues, and that the stockholders will lose an amount equal to their stock additional.

—A shocking attempt, which will yet prove partially successful, to commit a murder and suicide, was made on Friday afternoon at Pittsburg. Pittsburg Lawrence Kennedy, a glassblower, who has been dissipating for a long period, shot his wife in the back while laboring under the delusion, superinduced by mania a potu, that she was preparing to take his life. He then shot himself three times, one of the balls passing through his lungs. His recovery is out of question, but his wife will get well.

—Financial circles around New York were badly shocked last week by the failure of the Mechanics' Bank of Newark, N. J. The cashier had squandered the funds till the deficiency was over two million of dollars, nearly double the capital of the bank. Several other failures have resulted from the bank failure and more may yet follow. It seems almost impossible that a board of directors could have allowed matters to reach such a point, and such directors don't seem to direct.

—A lake in the rear of Manzanillo, Mexico, burst its confines last month and poured its waters into the sea. The lake was full of alligators and the harbor of sharks. When the monsters met a water battle immediately began and it was waged for several days in the presence of most of the people of Manzanillo. For a long time victory trembled in the balance, but the sharks finally prevailed and took dinner on the last of the routed intruders. The inhabitants of Manzanillo pronounced it better than a bull-fight.

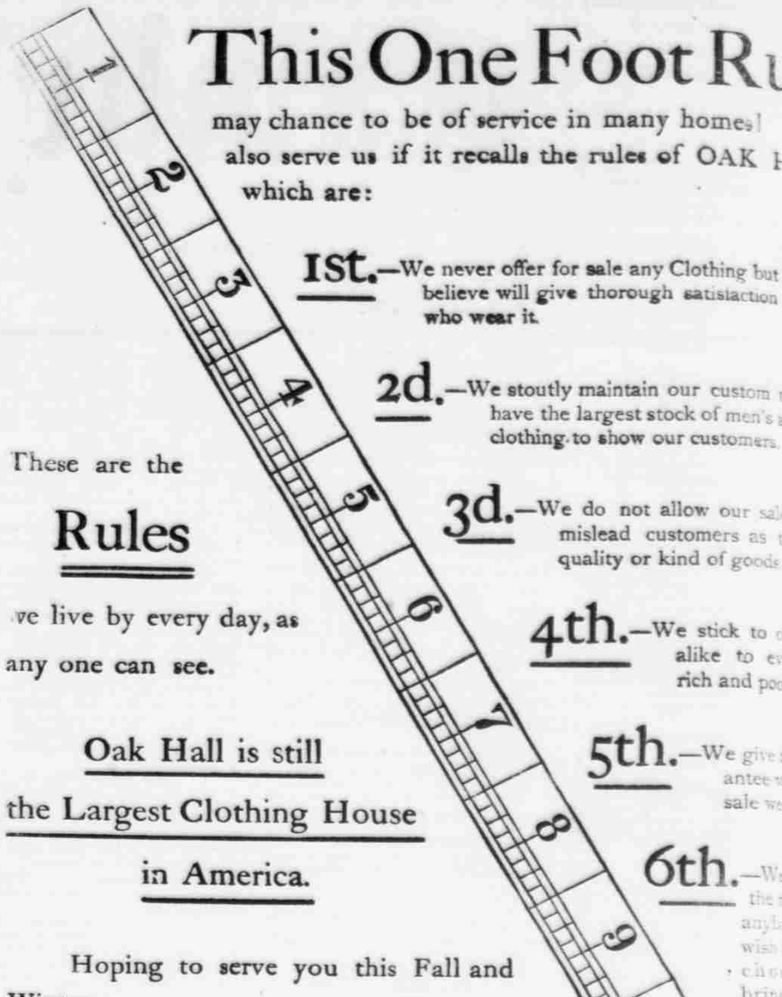
—It is learned that S. S. Cluxton, now under arrest at Vandalia, Fayette county, Ill., has for some time been making spurious applications to the Governor for requisitions on the Governor of other States for imaginary fugitives from justice. This he did by forging the names of county officers, surreptitiously affixing their seals to the papers and getting himself appointed messenger. His returns to the State officers were forged in the same way. It is not known how much money he has extracted from the State by these transactions.

—A special despatch relates a heroic act of Antoine Freitag, a native of Poland, in saving a passenger train on the Lake Shore road near Otis, Ind. On Monday last Freitag and several other section hands were riding on a hand-car, when a special train came upon them suddenly. They could all save their lives by jumping, but the alternative might be the wrecking of the train with loss of life. They resolved to take the hand-car from the track, and Freitag volunteered to take the post of extreme danger. Every man's strength was essential to success. They removed the car, saved the train, but Freitag was killed.

—Governor Bigelow, of Connecticut, says of a suit of clothes that was made for him at the Atlanta (Ga.) Exposition: "That coat was made in a day. The cotton was growing in the morning and I was receiving it in the evening. It was brought to me at Gov. Colquitt's mansion, two miles outside the city of Atlanta. You couldn't tell it from broadcloth in the evening, but of course in the daytime and under close inspection it looks rough and shows its true character." It has a course but not unseemly appearance and is lined with silk. The vest was made of a sort of basket-cloth pattern. It is colorless and of the regular reception style. It is backed and lined with an elegant pattern of white brocaded silk.

This One Foot Rule

may chance to be of service in many homes! It also serve us if it recalls the rules of OAK HALL which are:



1st.—We never offer for sale any Clothing but what we believe will give thorough satisfaction to all who wear it.

2d.—We stoutly maintain our custom to always have the largest stock of men's and boys' clothing to show our customers.

3d.—We do not allow our salesmen to mislead customers as to the quality or kind of goods.

4th.—We stick to one price alike to every one, rich and poor.

5th.—We give the same guarantee with every sale we make.

6th.—We

These are the **Rules** we live by every day, as any one can see.

Oak Hall is still the Largest Clothing House in America.

Hoping to serve you this Fall and Winter

Yours truly,

Wanamaker & Brown,

OAK HALL,

Sixth and Market Sts., Philadelphia.

—A Little Rock dispatch to St. Louis *Republican* says that a man named Thomas Fultz, while getting out timber in the mountains some miles from Berryville, was struck by a falling tree and fastened to the ground. Fultz was sleeping under the tree and was aroused only to find himself imprisoned and dangerously wounded, with a prospect of a horrible death from starvation unless dissolution ensued more speedily from the wound. The unfortunate man was, however, overtaken by a more terrible fate. The tree under which he was buried caught fire from the remains of a camp fire started the previous night and he was burned alive. The body, when discovered by his friends, whom his prolonged absence had alarmed into instituting search for him, was almost entirely consumed.

—While Mrs. Fanny Keefer was sitting in her kitchen Thursday night, at 80 Burke st., Baltimore, talking with Wm. H. Garrish, with whom she had been living for some time, a son of the latter, Wm. H. Garrish, jr., pushed a large musket through the window and fired. The weapon was loaded to the muzzle with duck shot, two or three hundred of which lodged in the woman's body and head. The affair was enveloped in mystery until Monday, when the police arrested the boy on suspicion, and he admitted having done the shooting. He gave as his reason that since his mother died several years ago his father had been leading a disreputable life. The boy refused to accompany his father to the house of the wounded woman, and went to live with an aunt. Young Garrish says that, being convinced that Mrs. Keefer was living with his father, he determined to kill her. He added that he was sorry that he had not killed pis father also. The boy was held to await the result of Mrs. Keefer's injuries. She is not expected to live.

"A WORD TO THE WISE IS SUFFICIENT."—An effective and agreeable remedy for the treatment of Catarrh, Hay Fever and Catarrhal Deafness is Ely's Cream Balm. A sure cure.

Cream Balm effectually cleanses the nasal passages of catarrhal virus, causing healthy secretions, allays inflammation and irritation protects the membranal linings of the head from additional colds, completely heals the sores and restores the sense of taste and smell. Beneficial results are realized by a few applications. A thorough treatment as directed will cure Catarrh. As a household remedy for cold in the head it is unequaled. The Balm is easy to use and agreeable. Sold by druggists at 50 cents. On receipt of 50 cents will mail a package. Send for circular with full information.

ELY'S CREAM BALM CO, Oswego N. Y.
For sale in Ebensburg by all druggists.

A MAN had a curious race for life near Meriden, Conn. He swallowed a large dose of morphine, intending suicide, but quickly changed his mind, and started for the nearest physician, who was two miles, away. He felt the dangerous drowsiness stealing over him, and ran with all his might. The exercise kept him awake, but his mouth became parched, his eyes filmy, and his strength less He stopped to pray, but an instant of delay warned him that, unless he depended on miraculous help, there was no time to be lost on his knees. He at length stumbled into the doctor's office, and fell senseless on the floor, but was saved by energetic treatment.

EXPERIENCE THE BEST GUIDE.—The constant practice most women have in caring for the sick makes them often more skilful than physicians in selecting medicines. The reason why women are everywhere using and recommending Parker's Ginger Tonic is, because they have learned by the best of guides—experience—that this excellent family medicine speedily overcomes despondency, periodical headache, indigestion, liver complaints, pain or weakness in the back and kidneys, and other troubles peculiar to the sex.—*Home Journal.* See advertisement.

AT Hockham, in England, the funeral of Joseph Ashton, who was 112 years old, took place a few days ago. The deceased was for a great number of years a travelling tinker in the eastern counties, and on the coffin plate was engraved a kettel stew pan and bowl. Until the last few days he had never suffered from any illness which kept him from work, and at the time of his death he had possession of all his mental powers.

DYSPEPSIA AND LIVER COMPLAINT.—Is it not worth the small price of 75 cents to free yourself from every symptom of these distressing complaints? If you think so, call at E. James' Drug Store, Ebensburg, Pa., and procure a bottle of Shiloh's Vitalizer. Every bottle has a printed guarantee on it. Use accordingly and if it does you no good it will cost you nothing. [4-8.-e.o.s.-1y.]

SICK HEADACHE. Nervous Headache and Headache from sour stomach are all cured by DR. METTAUR'S HEADACHE AND DYSPEPSIA PILLS. Price 25 cts.

THEY JOINED A CIRCUS.—A Little Rock correspondent of the Louisville *Courier Journal* relates the following strange story:

Last October a circus exhibited in this city before a large audience, the people coming from the surrounding country for miles and miles. Among the throng was an old farmer named Wallace, who, with his wife, son and daughter, had come from Searcy county, over 100 miles west of here, to witness the show. The girl was 17 years old and the boy 16, and they became completely fascinated with what they witnessed, and decided to join the circus. The girl, fearing her ex would stand in the way of her design, donned a shabby suit belonging to her brother, and succeeded in securing a situation with him without betraying her identity. The show went south from this point, taking the twain with them. The father and mother of the two were frantic with grief, not knowing what had become of their children. They remained in town several days, searching for them every where, but, being unable to find them, returned to their mountain home utterly bewildered by their loss and the strange way in which it was accomplished. To-day's train from Texas brought back the children, who ran away just

Cambria Freeman.

EBENSBURG, PA.,

FRIDAY, - - NOV. 11, 1881.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL.

Here. There and the Other Place.

—Death to rats and vermin—Parsons' Exterminator. [10-7.-1m.]

—Thanksgiving day on the 26th. Now is the time to talk turkey to us.

—For piles, constipation and a torpid liver never fail to take MANALIN.

—Mr. Henry Garman, of Denver, Col., is here on a brief visit to the parental home.

—If you want cheap goods, and you're a queer fish if you don't, go to McDonald's, Loretto, Pa.

—Rheumatism, neuralgia, hysteria, female weakness, etc., promptly cured with Brown's Iron Bitters.

—Mr. John R. Campbell, of White township, Indiana county, raised 2,000 bushels of wheat this year.

—McDonald, of Loretto, has just received a full line of ladies' coats, dolmans, shawls, etc., handsome and cheap.

—Ground has been broken for the erection in Cambria township, north of town, of a new Welsh Methodist church, to cost $750.

—The Pennsylvania Railroad Company has advanced the wages of car inspectors $6 per month, to date from September last.

—There has been a painful absence of villainous coons and "slich" like in the columns of the Johnstown Tribune since election-day.

—The affairs of the Blairsville Building and Loan Association have run down so completely that they are going to wind them up.

—William Clapper of Frankstown township, Blair county, shot an eagle the other day which measured seven feet from tip to tip.

—One of the "God and morality" party is said to have sworn his vote into the East ward after proposing without avail to do the same thing in the West ward.

—Mr. Reed Holsinger who had charge of the Henderson House livery stable at Cherrytree, died on Sunday morning last after two or three days illness, aged about 40 year.

—All forms of impaired vitality, mental exhaustion, weakened digestion, etc. etc., radically removed by using Brown's Iron Bitters.

—"What every one says must be true," that "Dr. Sellers' Cough Syrup" has no equal for coughs and colds. Try it. Price 25 cents.

—If you want to deal where business is done honest and square, and where you can get full value for your money, go to McDonald's, in Loretto.

—Election day was a lovely one, and more especially notable on that account because it was sandwiched between two very wet and disagreeable ones.

—"The doctors said my wife had consumption. Tried 'Lindsey's Blood Searcher,' and she has better health than ever." G. H. Hubbard, Hampden, Ohio.

—Thirty-two new subscribers in two weeks is what the Saltsburg *Press* boasts of. A boom of that kind would be exceedingly welcome in this neighborhood.

—Brother McWilliams, of the Saltsburg *Press*, understands his business to a dot. He prints a handsome and readable paper, and gladly do we welcome it to our exchange list.

—Attention is invited to the big advertisement of our enterprising merchant friends, Messrs. V. S. Barker & Bro., about whom we shall have something more to say next week.

—Miss Campbell, of Armagh, Indiana county, fell from a wagon a few mornings ago, while on her way to Johnstown, and had her right shoulder dislocated. It was her Armagh?

—The house and lot in this place heretofore owned by Mrs. Harriet Stych, of Johnstown, was sold at public outcry on Saturday last to Mr. Lewis Edwards, of Cambria township, for $375.

—Chairman Heist is one ahead, and a peg to spare. He wanted to bet a mint of money, Tuesday night, that if the lightning struck far round here it wouldn't hurt Hogue nor the man who whacked it was left.

—The desire to lay before our readers the official returns of Tuesday's election in this county, to say nothing of the fact that one of our employes is on the sick list, has left our paper in the same fix it was last week—one day behind time.

—Frank Newill, one of the parties arrested on suspicion of being concerned in the Galloway robbery, established an alibi before Judge Hunter at Greensburg, the other day, and was discharged from custody.

—Chas. Eayre Hinkle, Jersey City Heights, N. J., reports that his son, a lad of twelve years, was completely cured of a terrible case of Eczema by the Cuticura Remedies. From his head to his feet was one mass of sores.

—Mr. Behe, the architect of our new Court House, was the Republican candidate for Mayor of Buffalo at the recent election, but, like many another aspirant for political honors, didn't get votes enough to make his calling and election sure.

—Hon. Wm. Taylor, Boston, is well again. Completely cured of a scrofulous humor which poisoned his blood, covering his face and head with sores, by Cuticura Resolvent internally and Cuticura and Cuticura Soap externally.

—A daughter of Mr. Michael J. Will, of Clearfield township, died of typhoid fever at an early hour on Wednesday morning last, aged about 19 years, and was interred in the Catholic cemetery at St. Augustine yesterday forenoon. May she rest in peace.

—Do you suffer from sick or nervous headache, neuralgia or sleeplessness? If so, do not delay, trusting that in time nature will restore you, but go at once to E. James, Druggist, Ebensburg, Pa., for Dr. Faust's German Cure. [4-8.-e.o.w.1y]

—Mr. R. H. Thompson, of this place, was caterer-in-chief for the big feed given the officers of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad and other notables at Johnstown last Friday. He wore the napkin neatly and faultily to the entire satisfaction of all concerned.

—Thousands of women have been entirely cured of the most stubborn cases of female weaknesses by the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Send to Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham, 233 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass., for pamphlets.

—A large bear, weighing about two hundred pounds, was caught in a trap at Lloydsville, this county, on Friday last. The same bear caught a bear, probably the same animal, a few days previous, but it succeeded in making its escape.

—David Herdman, a track repairer, at East Conemaugh, this county, was caught and crushed between two sections of local freight which were being shoved together at that place on Friday evening last, receiving injuries that resulted in his death soon after midnight.

—Samuel Morningstar, foreman of a gang of trackmen on the Huntingdon and Broad Top railroad, dropped dead in Richey's store, Tatesville, Bedford county, on Tuesday morning of last week. Apoplexy is supposed to have caused his death. A wife and six children survive him.

—Not content with "shooting off their mouths," some of the enthusiastic Democrats got out their little cannon which has frequently seen service and made the welkin ring on Wednesday night with the loudest kind of thunder—the same being in honor of the election of John A. Kennedy for County Treasurer.

—On Monday night a female child about two weeks old was left on the steps of the residence of Mr. Conkle, of Johnstown. A knock at the door attracted the attention of the occupants of the house, and on coming out the child was found, wrapped up in a shawl.

—It makes a person think of old times to see John Buchanan in our midst. He was a resident of Ebensburg thirty years ago, and whenever he comes into our midst he is so welcome that we don't know how to let him loose again. He was a return judge for a Johnstown precinct this election.

—According to law, all drinking saloons must be closed and remain closed on election day. We weren't around looking, but we are told that this law was lived up to on last Tuesday, and that the fellow who wanted a glass of cider was advised to betake himself to the drug store and get himself outside of a little seltzer.

—Scott Woodring, the wayward Johnstowner, about whom a bad and sad story is told by the *Tribune* and copied by us this week, was not brought to jail until Wednesday night. Besides his other evil doings, Woodring is charged with having one more wife than the law allows, but whether he will be called upon to answer for that grave offense remains to be seen.

—Our recently wedded and of course supremely happy young friend Seward Jones, of Zanesville, Ohio, tarried with his bonnie bride for several days among their many relatives and friends in this locality, leaving for home Thursday morning, after having done New York and other points of interest during their wedding tour.

—Mrs. Mary Brady, of Ravne township, Indiana county, whose first husband, Renlogle, was a soldier in the late war, is to be afforded an opportunity before the U. S. Circuit Court, Pittsburg, to answer to the charge of drawing a pension from the Government after she had re-entered the matrimonial state and assumed the name of Brady.

—In what is known as the District Court territory, comprising twenty-five townships, boroughs and wards in and about Johnstown, Hancock had 2,104, Garfield 2,617 and Weaver 152 votes for President a year ago, while this year Noble has 1,530, Baily 1,905, Wolfe 99, Jackson 125 and Wilson 28 for State Treasurer. Quite a come down all around.

—The Bellfonte *Democrat* says that upon the farm of Mr. S. M. Spangler, in Miles township, that county, is a natural curiosity in the form of a bridge of rock. It is twelve feet high by fifty in length. The archway formed by the curving stone is extremely beautiful and symmetrical. Thirty feet below flows a silvery stream of never failing water.

—Mr. James Kelly, of Allegheny township, will offer at public sale, at 10 o'clock A. M., on Saturday of next week, a lot of personal property, consisting of two horses, two cows, wagon, buggy, sled, sleigh, harness, gears, ploughs, hay, oats, wheat, corn fodder, straw, and a general variety of household and kitchen furniture. See posters printed at this office.

—While life lasts we shall never cease to bear in grateful remembrance the many kind friends who by tongue and pen, as well as through the public press, have conveyed to ourself and bereaved family the most earnest expressions of sincere sympathy and condolence for the great loss we have sustained in the death of our eldest and much beloved daughter.

—The Huntingdon *Journal* says that two checks were presented at the First National Bank, in that place, one day last week for the sum of $42 50 in full for a $1,000 policy held on the life of old man Beaty, who died a short time ago. The gentleman presenting the checks said that the different assessments on the policy in question had amounted to a little over $50.00.

—A man named C. B. Gates, who claimed to be a resident of Altoona, was arrested in Johnstown on Friday for indecent exposure, and would have been consigned to the lock-up for a period of five days had not his wife, to whom he had been married about a year, arrived there the next day and liquidated the little bill against him, amounting in all to $14.13. Such Gates should never be left ajar.

—A complete line of fall and winter goods has just been opened by our merchant friend McDonald, of Loretto, whose stock comprises an elegant array of dry and dress goods, flannels, cloths, cassimeres, notions, hats, caps, boots, shoes, and CLOTHING, all which he guarantees to sell as cheap as the same goods can be bought in Altoona, Johnstown, or elsewhere. If not, he will take the goods back and refund the money.

—Nearly everybody along the line of the P. R. R. is growling about the new time table. As for Ebensburg, which is only one of the side issues, we can truly say that a worse arrangement could scarcely be conceived. The evening train, which heretofore left at 6.55, don't leave now until 7.30, while the same train returning don't get here until 10.30 at night, and even then as a rule fails to bring any mail worth talking about.

—Although not a candidate for Judge or any other office, John P. Linton, Esq., received 2 votes in Conemaugh township, 12 in each of the two wards of Conemaugh borough, 7 in Coopersdale, 6 in East Conemaugh, 6 in Franklin, 9 in the First ward, 7 in the Second, 14 in the Fourth, 14 in the Fifth, 17 in the Sixth, and 14 in the Seventh ward of Johnstown, 10 in Taylor township, 9 in Upper and 6 in Lower Yoder townships—making a grand total of 134. For the same office Daniel McLaughlin received one vote in the Second ward of Johnstown.

—We invite the attention of our readers to the advertisement of J. Monroe Taylor. This house has been established nearly 40 years, and his goods are celebrated everywhere for purity and strength. We would recommend a trial of his Gold Medal brands to all who appreciate good and wholesome bread, cakes, etc. His Gold Medal saleratus or bi-carb. soda is sold by M. L. Oatman, John Lloyd and E. C. Parrish, Ebensburg. [10-7.-4m.]

—"Guaranteed to cure," is the inducement offered to you to call at James' new Drug Store, Ebensburg Pa., and buy a bottle of Dr. Faust's German Cough Syrup. It is based upon chemical laws, and is prepared with the most scrupulous care. This medicine is warranted to cure consumption, coughs, colds, sore throat bronchitis, and all pulmonary diseases. Remember an ordinary cough leads to consumption if allowed to continue without relief. Price, 25c., 50c. and $1 a bottle. [4-8.-e.o.w.1y.]

—By solicitation of our townsman, Mr. A. J. Rhey, one day last week two cans of black bass were shipped from the hatching house at Marietta, Lancaster county, to Cresson, this county, where they were taken in charge and dumped in Clearfield creek. Moore's dam and the Beaver Creek dam are the two points where the new plant was made and it might as well here be stated hereafter that the man who catches them otherwise than with hook and line ought to be killed on the spot, the spot being low down.

—A Johnstown landlord failed to put up the printed notices in his hotel in accordance with the law of 1876, and when he brought action against a boarder for not paying his bill, the boarder retaliated by bringing suit against the landlord for not complying with the law in having the notice posted, and there is a fair prospect that he will go to jail for something less than six months unless the matter is compromised. Landlords and boarding house keepers will save trouble and expense by having the law posted in office and bedrooms.

—Our brotherly friend of long standing, as well in the matter of time as in that of stature, Mr. Peter F. Collins, spent Tuesday last at the old homestead in this place, coming hither from scenes of his labors on a railroad contract in Luzerne county and bringing with him his two little daughters, the eldest of whom is to remain with her aunts here until she fully recovers from the effects of malaria, with which she has recently been afflicted. Pete is one of nature's noblemen, and is always welcomed to his old home by a host of warm friends.

—A large frame barn on the farm of Mrs. Aleorn, in Bell township, Westmoreland county, was burned to the ground last Friday morning, an oil lantern which had been taken to the building by an employe named Samuel Freeman, having caught fire and communicated the flames to the hay and straw. The farm was in charge of Mr. Wm. Armstrong, who lost heavily, a cow, horse, farm implements, two hundred bushels of oats, one hundred and twenty-five bushels of wheat, and four tons of hay being some of the property destroyed.

—John Wagner, Esq., of Chest Springs, purchased the Mechanical Works and house and lot thereto pertaining, in this place, the other day, for the sum of $1,000, and intends removing the engine and some other portions of the machinery to a timber tract owned by Mr. Simon Fisher and situated between Loretto and Cresson, where he proposes to embark in the lumber business on an extensive scale. The heirs of Thos. Lloyd, deceased, who recently bought the property at an assignee sale, were the parties from whom he made the purchase.

—Our energetic friend, Mr. J. A. Shoemaker, who for several months past has been connected with a corps of civil engineers in Elk county, paid a flying visit the other day to his home in this place, and remained long enough to sell some of his loose property at public sale, attend to a little urgent business and make arrangements for the early removal of his family to Ridgway, in the above named county, where they intend to reside during the winter, and possibly for a year or two to come. The best wishes of all our citizens will accompany Mr. S. and his worthy family to their new home.

—Rt. Rev. Bishop Tuigg, of Pittsburgh, left for Rome on Tuesday last, whither he goes not only because a trip to Europe for the benefit of his health has been urgently recommended by his physicians, but because the time within which it is his duty to report in person to the Holy See is drawing to a close. Very Rev. Richard Phelan, Rector of St. Peter's Church, Allegheny, will, as administrator, have charge of all things spiritual and temporal pertaining to the diocese during the Bishop's absence. We wish our Rt. Rev. and much beloved friend a safe and pleasant journey to and from the Eternal City.

—Mr. Gregory Meintal, one of the oldest, best known and most esteemed German citizens of Hollidaysburg, died on last Friday forenoon from a stroke of apoplexy, caused, as the attending physician believes, by accidentally striking his head on the bedpost on the previous Wednesday morning, while preparing to go to the fire then raging, and rupturing one of the blood vessels of the brain. The deceased, who was in the 63d year of his age, was the father in-law of our young type friend, A. E. Traugh, of the Hollidaysburg *Standard*, and was employed for about thirty-five years as trainman on the old Portage railroad. His remains were interred in the Catholic cemetery on Sunday afternoon, May his soul rest in peace.

—The Republican blowers and strikers in this place were so confident on Tuesday night of Barker's election after the returns of the three Court House boxes had been ascertained, and some other districts heard from by telegraph, that they started the "boys" out with a big bass drum to proclaim the great victory, and continued to labor under the delusion until about eight o'clock next morning, when the returns from Germany and Ireland (Croyle and Munster townships) were received, and as they didn't pan out in the way that the friends of Barker expected they would, but, on the contrary were of another sort, they surrendered at discretion and acknowledged that the "best laid plans of mice and men aft gang aglee."

—We were told by a reliable citizen of Carrolltown on Wednesday, that the desperate means resorted to in that place by the friends of Mr. Barker to coerce Democrats into his support were simply without a parallel. As an instance of this, he stated that a night or so before the election an active Republican waited upon the old watchmaker of the town and promised him, if he would vote for Barker, that he would see that the watchmaker should get the contract for putting up the town clock in the new Court House. And all this, too, without any authority from Mr. Shenk, the contractor for the erection of the building, to make such an agreement. This was bringing down personal solicitation, as it may be called, to a very fine point; but the honest old German told his interviewer that his vote wasn't for sale just then if he knew himself, and he thought he did.

—For various reasons not necessary to mention, but which are well understood, one of the Associate Judges ought to be a resident of the county seat, and we cannot, therefore, regard the defeat of ex-Sheriff Myers, one of the Democratic nominees for that office, in any other aspect than as a most unfortunate mistake. He was not defeated because of any personal hostility to him, for he is a good citizen and an upright man, but simply because a certain number of Democrats who voted for Masters did so without the least reflection upon their action. Why don't men think twice before they treat a candidate so shabbily? The defeat of Mr. Myers is one of those blunders, sometimes thoughtlessly committed, which in many respects is worse than crime.

—Mr. Wm. Cox, one of the very best citizens of Altoona, as well as one of the most earnest and sincere friends the writer of this ever had, was run over by an engine and almost instantly killed in that city, on last Monday night, while in the discharge of his duties as janitor of the railroad men's waiting-room. The deceased was aged about sixty years, and had been in the employ of the P. R. R. for more than half that time. He was a devout member of the Catholic Church and an honest, upright man. His wife and several grown up children, to whom we extend our heartfelt sympathies, are left to mourn the loss of a devoted husband and excellent father, whose funeral on Wednesday morning fully attested by its immensity the great esteem in which he was held by everybody in the community. May peace eternal be the fitting reward of his well-spent life.

—Diphtheria is still claiming its victims in various parts of the county, the latest death from that terrible disease we have heard of being a bright and interesting little son, aged seven or eight years, of Mr. Luke Burgoon, of Washington township, foot of Plane No. 6, who died on Tuesday last and was buried in the Catholic cemetery at Summitville on Wednesday. Two other younger children, both boys, of Mr. Burgoon, are afflicted with the malady, and it is almost hoping against hope to look for a favorable result in either case. We believe we possess a heart that has always responded to the cry of distress, but never until now, have we fully realized the extent of our sympathies for those who are called upon to mourn the loss of their loved ones by that most cruel and implacable of all diseases, diphtheria. May God in his mercy comfort and console our friend Burgoon and his sadly bereaved household.

—Nine best and mine Heist, of the Mountain House, chairman of the Democratic County Committee, deserves the thanks of every Democrat in the county for the active and efficient manner in which he conducted the recent political campaign. Being a man of intelligence and thoroughly devoted to the success of the whole ticket, Mr. Heist knew precisely where effective work was to be done and he went there and through his own efforts, assisted by men upon whom he relied, effected his purpose. He didn't take a brass band with him to proclaim his coming, but he went quietly and performed his mission without any unnecessary noise or display. In one of the four large Democratic townships in this end of the county he completely upset the cunningly devised plans of the Republican wire workers of this place and caused it to give a Democratic majority that knocked the talk out of them completely. With Mr. Heist's continuance as chairman of the Committee, if he will take upon himself the troublesome task, the Democracy of Cambria from being now one of the worst will soon become one of the best organized parties in this section of the State.

THE directors and teachers met in the Highschool room, Ebensburg, at 2 o'clock, P. M., on Saturday, the time appointed by Co. Sup't Strayer, when an organization was effected by calling Mr. P. J. Sanders to the chair and selecting Mr. C. A. Riddle as secretary, after which Miss Agnes Kaylor and Mr. John Wherry were appointed by the chair to enroll the names of the teachers and directors present. The enrollment complement Mr. Strayer proceeded to give a practical talk to the teachers, in which he advised thorough study of the plans, measures and methods of prominent educators. A manual prepared by Mr. Strayer was distributed to those present and its contents explained in a lucid manner. If the methods therein proposed met with the approval of teachers, they were urged to adopt them in the various methods of school work. Methods of teaching various branches were next discussed, in which valuable suggestions were presented by Mr. Strayer. Talks on drawing and a lesson (the teachers and directors forming the class) were given by C. A. Riddle. Also a talk by the same gentleman on primary language and the manner of imparting the knowledge of it to primary pupils.

EXTRAORDINARY OPPORTUNITY FOR THE RELIEF OF THE AFFLICTED.—Dr. Hartman, the well known Oculist, Aurist and Orthopedic Surgeon, will visit Ebensburg, Pa., and stop at the Lloyd Springs Hotel for one day only, from the morning to the evening of Nov. 21st, 1881. He will have with him a complete outfit of surgical appliances and apparatus, etc., and will be fully prepared to treat all cases of Paralysis, Deformities of the head, body and limbs, Diseased Joints, Clubbed Feet, Diseased Eyes, Cataract, Piles, Fistula, Stammering, Chronic Diseases, etc. No cases will be undertaken without a fair hope of relief. In consequence of the great expense of such a trip he will not make anothe; therefore all who wish to avail themselves of his great skill and experience will not visiting his Pittsburgh office, must do so at this time. Consultations free.

For Illustrated Journal call at the Ebensburg Post office.

A KIND WORD OF ADVICE.—If you feel yourself growing weak, your strength failing, the natural functions of the body becoming impaired, take warning in time; your system needs Iron, which, when combined with proper vegetable extracts, produces a tonic of rare medicinal effect. Such a remedy is Brown's Iron Bitters. Buy it of your druggist and do not be persuaded to take a substitute, for this is the only remedy which gives permanent strength. It contains no alcohol nor does it blacken the teeth. It receives he universal endorsement of clergymen, physicians, druggists, and all who have used it.

EASILY PROVEN.—It is easily proven that malaria, fevers, constipation, torpidity of the liver and kidneys, general debility, nervousnes, and neuralgic ailments yield readily to tis great disease conquerer, Hop Bitters. I repairs the ravages of disease by converting the food into rich blood, and it gives new life and vigor to the aged and infirm always.

IMPORTANT TO TRAVELERS.—Special in ducements are offered you by the BURLINGTON ROUTE. It will pay you to read their advertisement, to be found elsewhere in this issue. [8-12.-10m.]

HORRIBLE BURNING.—On Friday afternoon last, Mrs. Mary Dickinson, wife of Isaiah Dickinson, who resides near Allegheny Furnace, had occasion to visit a neighbor residing about a quarter of a mile distant from her home, presumably on a necessary errand. In the house she left three children, aged respectively 5 years, 3 years and 6 months. As is usual in such cases the children began to play with fire, the process being to put pieces of paper in the sink and then set fire to them. While at this dangerous work the clothing of little Harry, the second child, took fire, burning him in a terrible manner. The other little fellow, after dragging the baby to a safe place at the door and covering it with some clothing, started after his mother, crying at the top of his voice that Harry was burning up. His mother hastened to her home only to find her child literally roasted alive, breathing his last about twenty minutes after her arrival. Persons who saw the body of the child after its distressing death, say it was one of the most heart rending and sickening spectacle it was ever their evil fortune to behold. The funeral services were held on Saturday.—*Altoona Tribune.*

NEW JERSEY PREMIUM WINE.—Physicians state that the port Wine that took the premium at the Centennial, produced and offered for sale by Mr. Alfred Speer, of New Jersey, is a wine that can be safely used for medicinal purposes, being pure and free from medication, and is more reliable than other Port Wines. It is especially recommended for weakly females and the aged. The deep color is the iron from the brown stone shale rock on which the grapes grow, which is rich in iron. For sale at the new drug store, Ebensburg.

JOHNSTOWN GIRL SHOT IN PITTSBURG.—The Pittsburg papers contain the particulars of the shooting of a girl named Maggie Jones *alias* Clara Skelly who is said to have been a former resident of Johnstown, but who left there some two years ago. The allegation is that shortly after her arrival there she entered a house of bad repute, and has been traveling the high road to destruction at as rapid a rate as is possible. Latterly she has been putting up at the place of a woman named McIntosh, and Monday night, about ten o'clock, a cripple by the name of Harry Gangwisch called there. He was under the influence of liquor at the time, and soon after entering quarreled with the girl mentioned. A few hot words were interchanged, when he drew a revolver and fired at her. The ball entered her left breast a short distance above the heart, but it is the opinion of the physician who attended her soon afterward that the wound is not necessarily fatal. Gangwisch has been committed to await the result of the wounded woman's injuries.

A WOMAN'S EXPERIENCE.—Mothers and daughters should feel alarmed when the feeling of weariness and languor too constantly oppresses them. "If I am cross and fretful from the exhaustion of vital powers and the color is fading from my face, I always find immediate relief in that excellent remedy, Parker's Ginger Tonic, which seems to build up my system and drive away pain and melancholy with wonderful certainty. Several of my friends have experienced the same benefit from its use."—*A Buffalo Lady.*

TRIAL LIST.—Following is the list of causes at the ensuing term of the Court of Common Pleas of this county, commencing on Monday, Dec. 5, 1881:

FIRST WEEK.

Hammond.....vs. Stevens.

SECOND WEEK.

Jones.....vs. Roberts & Son.
Zern.....vs. Gutwalt.
Burns.....vs. Lloyd.
Stewart.....vs. Thompson & Oshall.
Flick.....vs. Byrne.
Fiske & Co.....vs. Gallagher.
Gutwalt,.....vs. Disbart.
Youngkin.....vs. Rannstead.
Yeagley.....vs. S. & C. R. R. Co.
Cover.....vs. Same.
Brown *et al.*.....vs. Same.
Foster.....vs. Same.
Trefts.....vs. Benford.
Sechler.....vs. Hipe & Lloyd.

Men of Eminent Ability.

Scholars and chemists, have devoted years of time and skillful labor that they might, in a measure, relieve human suffering. Dr. Faust's German Aromatic Wine is the result of the most patient and careful experiments. It is prepared with the most scrupulous care from pure Grape Juice and the choicest Fruits, Roots and Herbs, and stands pre-eminently without an equal for the use of ladies suffering with private disorders, aged or feeble and debilitated persons, and those recovering from the effects of exhausting disease, or mental or physical overwork. Guaranteed to promote digestion and invigorate and give new and permanent vital force. In no way can it be used as an intoxicant. Ask Druggists. For sale at E. James' new Drug Store, Ebensburg, Pa. [4-8.-e.o.w.1y.]

THERE worst was two cats at Kilkenny,
Each thought there was one cat too many:
So they quarrelled and fit,
They scratched and they bit,
Till, excepting their nails,
And the tips of their tails,
Instead of two cats there wasn't any.

Such was last Tuesday! The election being over and the country saved, let's descend to commonplace affairs. The weather grows cold, and you need a new overcoat, or it may be a full suit—don't you? Then go to Simon and Bendheim's, next door to the First National Bank, Altoona. They sell a first-class article of clothing at prices which commend themselves to the purchaser and if the goods fail to give you satisfaction, let us hear from you.

THE billy goat's a pretty bird,
And loves to dine on shirts,
But for a mid-day luncheon, he
Prefers to eat hoop-skirts,
Old oyster cans and rubber shoes
Appease his appetite,
While barrel hoops and corset stays,
Fill him with great delight.

Short meter. Sing it to your own tune, however, and then make up your mind to a resignation of this fact: That Jas. J. Murphy, 109 Clinton street, Johnstown, sells ready-made clothing cheaper than anybody else. He solicits a call from you, reader, or an order. Persons from this northern end of Cambria county are made specially welcome.

A GREAT weather prophet was Vennor,
Whose voice was as sweet as a tenor,
But the old weather clerk
Was a contrary Turk,
And always went back on poor Vennor.

It may be so that the weather clerk went back on Vennor, and again it may be so that Vennor went back on himself. Suppose we don't discuss that question. But there is one man who, to our knowledge who goes back on nobody. We refer to Godfrey Wolf, next door to the postoffice, Altoona, who sells clothing so cheap that it is a pleasure to deal with him, and not a pain. An order by mail will be faithfully attended to.

Would you know the baby's skies?
Baby's skies are mamma's eyes.
Mamma's eyes and smile together.
Make the baba's pleasant weather.

Poor baby! Good baby! When baby grows up, provided he is not a Susan Anthony, he will say to himself that he cannot always run barefooted, and the first place he will go to, if we are not mistaken will be to S. Bimuenthal's 119 Eleventh avenue, Altoona. The very best of boots and shoes of ladies and gentlemen is kept constantly on hand by Mr. Blumental's, and we would like all the readers of the Freeman to go and take a look at his stock.

DEATH TO WORMS.

E. F. KUNKEL'S WORM SYRUP never fails to destroy pin, seat, round, thread and stomach worms. This Worm Syrup is a pleasant, safe and effectual remedy for all kinds of worms. As most of the worm medicines offered to the public are preparations so nauseating and disagreeable to the taste that it is almost impossible to get a child to take them, it is the most desirable remedy that can be given for worms. It has neither the taste nor smell of medicine, and can be given to the most delicate infant with perfect safety. The general symptoms of worms are a sallow complexion, with a bluish circle around the eyes, enlargement of the abdomen and stomach, foul breath, gnawing pains in the stomach and bowels, irregular appetite, starting or grinding of the teeth while asleep, etc. It is a lamentable fact that hundreds of children are hurried to the grave on account of the above symptoms often being taken for some other disease, where a many might have been saved simply by the use of E. F. Kunkel's Worm Syrup. It is undoubtedly the most valuable worm syrup that can be had for all kinds of stomach, seat, pin and thread worms. Can be used by old and young, adults being as likely to have worms as children. (Dr. Kunkel the only successful Physician in this country who removes Tape Worm in two hours, complete, head and all, and no fee until removed.) Price of the Worm Syrup, $1, or 6 bottles for $5. (For Tape Worm, write and consult the doctor.) For all others buy of your druggist the Worm Syrup, and if he has it not, send to E. F. Kunkel, 259 N. Ninth St., Philadelphia, Pa. Advice by mail free; send three cent stamp.

DYSPEPSIA. DYSPEPSIA.

E. F. Kunkel's Bitter Wine of Iron, a sure cure for this dire disease. It has been prescribed daily for many years in the practice of eminent physicians with unparalleled success. Symptoms are loss of appetite, windiness of food, dryness in mouth, headache, dizziness, sleeplessness and low spirits. Get the genuine. Not sold in bulk, only in $1 bottles, or six bottles for $5. Ask for E. F. Kunkel's Bitter Wine of Iron, and take no other. If your druggist has it not, send to proprietor, E. F. Kunkel, 259 N. Ninth St., Philadelphia, Pa. Advice free; send three cent stamp. Acheenbach & Miller, Sole Agents, 4d and Callowhill Sts., Philad'a.

Ladies, for those distressing complaints to which you are subject, use Dr. Faust's German Aromatic Wine. [4-7.-81.-1y.]

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

AGENTS WANTED.—A rare chance to make money rapidly selling our *New Book:*

New York by Sunlight and Gaslight.

Showing up the New York of to-day, with its palaces, its crowded thoroughfares, its rushing elevated trains, its countless slums. Its romance, its mystery, its dark crimes and terrible tragedies, its charities, and in fact every phase of life in the great city. Don't waste time selling slow books, but send for circulars and secure FULL SWING. Full table of contents, terms to agents, etc. Prospectus now ready and territory in great demand. Address DOUGLASS BROS., 706 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

PLAYS! PLAYS! PLAYS! PLAYS!

For Reading Clubs, for Amateur Theatricals, Temperance Plays, Drawing-Room Plays, Fairy Plays, Ethiopian Plays, Guide Books, Speakers, Pantomimes, Tableaux, Lights, Magnesium Lights, Colored Fire, Burnt Cork, Theatrical Face Preparations, Jarley's Wax Works, Wigs, Beards, Moustaches, Costumes, Charades, and Paper Scenery. New Catalogue sent free, containing full description and prices. SAMUEL FRENCH & SON, 38 E. 14th St., New York.

AGENTS WANTED FOR Mark Twain's NEW BOOK "THE PRINCE AND THE PAUPER."

The best and funniest of all. Elegantly bound, with 200 fine illustrations. Just the thing for the holidays. Address F. C. BLISS & CO., Newark, N. J.

$777 A YEAR and expenses to agents. Outfit free. Address P. O. Vickery, Augusta, Me.

NOTICE.—The first and final account of H. J. Hads, Assignee of A. R. Litzinger, has been filed in the Court of Common Pleas of cambria county, and will be confirmed absolutely unless exceptions be filed on or before the *first Monday of December next.*

By the Court. JOHN C. GATES, Proth'y.
Prothonotary's Office, Ebensburg, Nov. 8, 1881.-4t.

NOTICE.—The second and partial account of Joseph Criste, Committee of Ellen Callan, a lunatic, has been filed in the Prothonotary's office of Cambria county, and will be presented to the Judges of the Court of Common Pleas of said county for confirmation and allowance, on the *first Monday of December next.*

JOHN C. GATES, Prothonotary.
Prothonotary's Office, Ebensburg, Nov. 8, 1881.-4t

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.
Estate of THOMAS MCCONNELL, dec'd.

Letters of administration on the estate of Thos. McConnell, late of Summerhill township, deceased, having been granted to the undersigned, by the Register of Cambria county, all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same will present them properly probated for settlement.

AUGUSTINE MCCONNELL,
Nov. 11, 1881.-6t.* Administrator.

EXECUTRIX'S NOTICE.
Estate of ELIZA MCDONALD, dec'd.

Letters testamentary to the estate of Eliza McDonald, late of Ebensburg borough, dec'd, have been granted to the undersigned, who hereby notifies all persons indebted to said estate that payment must be made without delay, and those having claims or demands against the same will be required to have them properly authenticated for settlement before presenting them to

ELIZA ANN MCDONALD, Executrix.
Ebensburg, Nov. 11, 1881.-6t.

OFFICE OF CRESSON SPRINGS COMPANY, No. 325 South Fourth St., Room No. 25, 2d Floor, PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 7, 1881.

NOTICE TO STOCKHOLDERS.—A meeting of the stockholders of the Cresson Springs Company will be held at the office of the Company, on the *5th day of January, 1882,* at 12 o'clock, M., for the purpose of voting on an increase of the capital stock of this Company, by the issuance of preferred stock, as authorized by an act of the General Assembly, entitled "An Act to authorize the Cresson Springs Company to issue preferred stock," approved March 20th, 1875, and for transacting such other business as may be brought before the meeting.

JAMES R. MCCLURE, Secretary.
Nov. 11, 1881.-3t.

Orphans' Court Sale!

BY virtue of an order of the Orphans' Court of Cambria county, to me directed, I will expose to sale by public auction or outcry, at the COURT HOUSE IN THE BOROUGH OF EBENSBURG, on

Saturday, 3d day of December, 1881,

At 2 o'clock P. M., the following described real estate, of which ELIZABETH THOMAS died seized, to wit:

A PIECE OR LOT OF GROUND situate in the Borough of Ebensburg, fronting 33 feet on Lloyd street and extending back 106 feet to lot of C. U. Rogers, adjoining lot of Mrs. Gurley on the east and lot of M. L. Oatman on the west, having thereon erected a one-and-a-half story **Frame Dwelling House.**

TERMS OF SALE.

One-third of the purchase money to be paid on confirmation of sale, and the balance in two equal annual payments, with interest, to be secured by bonds and mortgage of purchaser.

EDWARD THOMAS,
Administrator of ELIZABETH THOMAS, dec'd.
Ebensburg, Nov. 11, 1881.-3t.

S. S. MARVIN & CO'S.

SUPERIOR CRACKERS AND

Pan Cake Flour.

Pancake Flour is just what its name implies, flour for Pan Cakes. The directions for use are w i cold water or sweet milk, make a batter and bake at once on a hot griddle. This season its much cheaper than Buckwheat flour.

ASK YOUR GROCER FOR IT. OUR

New York Water Crackers,

IMPERIAL CHAMPAGNE CRACKERS
X X X OYSTER CRACKERS,
EXTRA SODA CRACKERS,
WINE CRACKERS

Are superior to all others. When you buy crackers ask for MARVINS, and dont take any others, for they are the best. Office and Works

91, 93, 95 and 97 Liberty Street,

Retail Department,

18 Fifth Avenue,

PITTSBURGH, PA.

FOR SALE BY ALL GROCERS.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.—In the Court of Common Pleas of Cambria County, Pa.—In the matter of the assigned estate of Isaac Crawford for the benefit of creditors, Abel Lloyd, Assignee.

And now, to wit the first day of November, 1881, T. W. Dick appointed Auditor to hear and decide on exceptions and make distribution of the fund among those entitled to the same.

From the Record. JOHN C. GATES, Proth'y.

Notice is hereby given that I will sit at my office in Ebensburg on Tuesday, the *20th day of November, 1881,* at 2 o'clock, P. M., when and where all persons interested are requested to present their claims, or be debarred from coming in on said fund.

T. W. DICK, Auditor.
Ebensburg, Nov. 4, 1881.-3t.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.
Estate of MARY ADAMS, deceased.

Letters of administration on the estate of Mary Adams, late of Clearfield-township, dec'd, having been issued to the undersigned, all persons knowing themselves indebted to said estate are hereby notified to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same will present them, properly authenticated for settlement, to

MARTIN L. CARL, Administrator.
Clearfield Twp., Oct. 28, 1881.-6t.

GEO. M. READE, *Attorney-at-Law,* Ebensburg, Pa. Office on Centre street, three doors from High street. [9-9.-1y.]

NO DULL TIMES HERE!

BUSINESS ALWAYS BOOMING AT BARKERS'.

TOO MANY GOODS and NOT ENOUGH MONEY

Is what's the matter with us now! That is to say, we have bought such a large assortment of goods this fall that we cannot find room on our shelves and counters to place them; so we shall be glad to exchange them with the public for the public's money, as we can find plenty of places to put all the cash any of our old or new customers have to spare. In

BOOTS AND SHOES

We have the largest and most varied assortment we have ever carried. We have taken special pains this fall in selecting our stock of LADIES' FINE SHOES, and we take pride in saying that we have much the finest assortment in Ebensburg, while in BOOTS FOR MEN AND BOYS everybody knows we keep twice as many as any other merchant in town; so it is useless for us to say anything further about BOOTS OR SHOES, except that we have all kinds and qualities, as well as

Overshoes in Gum and Clo

READ PROOF OF WONDERFUL CURES.

FREMONT, OHIO, Jan. 28, 1881.

DR. B. J. KENDALL & CO.—Gents: I think it my duty to render you my thanks for benefits and profits which I have derived from your invaluable and far famed Spavin Cure. My cousin and I had a valuable stallion worth $4,000 which had a very bad spavin, and was pronounced by four eminent veterinary surgeons beyond any cure, and that the horse was done forever. As a last resort I advised my cousin to try a bottle of Kendall's Spavin Cure. It had a magical effect—the third bottle cured it and the horse is as well as ever. Dr. Dick, of Edinburgh, the eminent veterinary surgeon was an uncle of mine, and I take great interest in assisting his profession. Yours, truly,

JAMES A. WILSON, Civil Engineer.

Kendall's SPAVIN Cure

WILTON, MINN., Jan. 11, 1881.

B. J. KENDALL & CO.—Gents: Having got a horse book of you by mail a year ago, the contents of which persuaded me to try Kendall's Spavin Cure on the hind leg of one of my horses, which was badly swollen and could not be reduced by any other remedy. I got two bottles of Preston & Luddington, Druggists of Wasecu, which completely cured my horse. About five years ago I had a three year old colt sweenied very bad. I used your remedy as given in your book without rowelling, and I must say to your credit that the colt is entirely cured, which is a surprise, not only to myself, but also to my neighbors. You sent me the book for the trifling sum of 25 cents and if I could not get another like it I would not take twenty-five dollars for it. Yours, truly, GEO. MATHEWS.

From a PROMINENT PHYSICIAN.

WASHINGTONVILLE, OHIO, June 17, 1880.

DR. B. J. KENDALL & Co.—Gents: Reading your advertisements in Turf, Field and Farm, of Kendall's Spavin Cure, and having a valuable and speedy horse who had been lame from spavin for eighteen months, I sent to you for a bottle by express, which in six weeks removed all lameness and enlargement, and also a large splint from another horse, and both horses are to-day as sound as colts. The one bottle cured to me one hundred dollars. Respectfully yours,

H. A. HEISELETT, M. D.

Kendall's Spavin Cure.

HARRISBURG, PA., Nov. 18th, 1881.

DR. B. J. KENDALL & Co.—Gents: I have a very fine mare that had a bone spavin for a long time. I tried everything man could devise to cure it, but all in vain, and was about to give it up when a friend of mine in this city came to me and recommended "Kendall's Spavin Cure," which I tried with grand results, removing the bone clear and clean. I then sent 25 cents to you for one of your illustrated Horse Books, and I think there is no better book printed on the horse and his diseases. I have taken great interest in it, and have since sold 18 copies for you to my neighbors, and will try and do what good I can by getting them for others. Yours truly, O. W. MILLER.

Kendall's Spavin Cure on Human Flesh.

WEST ESSINGTON, VA., Feb. 15, 1881.

DR. B. J. KENDALL & Co.—Gents: Several months ago I injured my knee joint, which caused an enlargement to grow the size of a large walnut and caused me very severe pain all the time for four or five weeks, when I began to use Kendall's Spavin Cure with the most satisfactory results. It has completely removed the enlargement and stopped the lameness and pain. I have long known it to be excellent for horses, but now I know it to be the best liniment for human flesh that I am acquainted with. Yours truly, T. P. A. KNOWLES.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE

Is sure in its effects and mild in its action, as it does not blister; yet it is penetrating and powerful to reach every deep-seated pain, or to remove any bony growth or enlargement, such as spavins, splints, curbs, callous, sprains, sweenies, and any lameness and all enlargements of joints or limbs, and also for rheumatism in man, or for any purpose for which a liniment is used for man or beast. It is now known to be the best liniment for man ever used, acting mildly and yet certain in its effects.

Send address for Illustrated Circular, which we think gives positive proof of its virtues. No remedy has ever met with such unqualified success to our knowledge, for man as well as beast.

☞ Price $1 per bottle, or six bottles for $5. All Druggists have it or can get it for you; or it will be sent to any address on receipt of price by the proprietors, DR. B. J. KENDALL & Co., Enosburgh Falls, Vt.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

Feb. 18, 1881.-ow.

VAN DYKE'S SULPHUR SOAP

is superior to all other soaps. It is compounded with Sulphur in its purest, most desirable state, which enters the pores of the skin, being absorbed into the blood through the minute capillaries, and thus acts upon the skin, whether it be healthy or in a diseased condition, both locally and constitutionally, thereby eliminating all impurities from the blood and exciting the skin to healthy action. It produces a fineness, purity and freshness of the complexion which is unequalled; pimples can be produced by no other means. No toilet, nursery or bathroom is complete without it. It makes the skin soft, clear, pure, white and healthy; is cleansing, deodorizing, disinfecting, soothing and healing; purifying; removes dandruff, chafing, chaps, sores, eruptions, roughness and redness of the skin; relieves itching, burning and scaling of the scalp, and irritation of biting and stinging insects; will relieve itching Piles when nothing else will have any effect. Ask for VAN DYKE'S SULPHUR SOAP; insist upon having it, and take no other. Sold by Druggists. Andenried & Miller, Proprietors, No. 30 Callowhill Street, Philadelphia, Pa. For sale by M. L. GAYMAN and E. TAME, Druggist, Ebensburg, Pa. [10-8-1y.]

Health is Wealth!

DR. E. C. WEST'S NERVE AND BRAIN TREATMENT—a specific for Hysteria, Dizziness, Convulsions, Nervous Headache, Mental Depression, Loss of Memory, Spermatorrhœa, Impotency, Involuntary Emissions, Premature Old Age, caused by overexertion, self-abuse, or over-indulgence, which leads to misery, decay and death. One box will convince. Each box contains one month's treatment. One dollar per box, or six boxes for five dollars; sent by mail prepaid on receipt of price. We guarantee six boxes to cure any case. With each order received by us for six boxes, accompanied by five dollars, we will send the purchaser our written guarantee to return the money if the treatment does not effect a cure. Guarantees issued only when necessary. Circulars free. Sold by druggists everywhere. Address JOHN C. WEST & CO., Sole Proprietors, 184 & 186 W. Madison St., Chicago, Ill. For sale by all druggists. SMITH, KLINE & CO., Wholesale Agents, Philadelphia. [3-5-81-1y.]

Hamburg Tea!

(ASK FOR LEISSENER'S, THE ONLY GENUINE.)

The Great BLOOD PURIFIER

And Purgative, which was known to the famous old Arabian physicians as early as the ninth century as a specific for the relief of Dyspepsia, Costiveness, Family Complaints, Want of Appetite, Dropsy and Hemorrhoids. It has a decided advantage over all other purgatives, being more thorough in cleansing out the system, without producing the agonizing griping pains and straining which accompany the action of other cathartics. When Pimples or other skin diseases are also present, shampoo the affected parts thoroughly with Hamburg Tea's Sulphur Soap. Andenried & Miller, Proprietors, 30 and Callowhill St., Philadelphia, Pa. Sold by E. JAMES, Druggist, Ebensburg, Pa. [11-6.-1y.]

$500 REWARD!

WE will pay the above reward for any case of Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, Sick Headache, Indigestion, Constipation or Costiveness we cannot cure with West's Vegetable Liver Pills, when the directions are strictly complied with. They are purely vegetable, and never fail to give satisfaction. Sugar Coated. Large Boxes, containing 30 Pills, 25 cts. For sale by all Druggists. Beware of counterfeiters and imitators. The genuine manufactured only by JOHN C. WEST & CO., "The Pill Makers," 181 & 183 W. Madison St., Chicago. Free trial package sent by mail prepaid on receipt of a 3cent stamp. [8-5-81-1y.]

STARTLING DISCOVERY!

LOST MANHOOD RESTORED.

A victim of youthful imprudence causing Premature Decay, Nervous Debility, Lost Manhood, etc., having tried in vain every known remedy, has discovered a simple self-cure, which he will send FREE to his fellow-sufferers, address J. H. REEVES, 43 Chatham St., N. Y.

Feb. 4, 1882.-1y.

CELEBRATED H. H. H. MEDICINE.

PERSONS afflicted with pains and aches who have never tried the great H. H. H. Medicine do not know its powers in removing pain. Give it a trial for Rheumatism, Neuralgia, and particularly Diphtheria. A sure cure for horses suffering with Ring and Blood Spavin, Poll Evil and Colic. Beware of a counterfeit. Look for the H. H. H. Medicine, manufactured by D. D. Tomlinson, Philadelphia, as the popularity of the name has led other parties to put an inferior article on the market bearing the same name. Sold by druggists everywhere. 9-30.-3m.

DR. M. J. BUCK,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,

ALTOONA, PA.

Office and residence on Fourteenth street, near Eleventh avenue, where night calls can be made. Office hours from 8 to 10, A. M., and from 2 to 4 and 6 to 8, P. M. Special attention paid to Diseases of the Eye and Ear, as well as to Surgical Operations of every description. [4-19.-1f.]

$999 a year to Agents, and expenses. $6 Outfit free. Address F. Swain & Co., Augusta, Me.

$72 a week. $12 a day at home easily made. Costly outfit free. Address True & Co., Augusta, Me.

ESTABLISHED FOR THIRTY-FOUR YEARS

HAY BROTHERS,

Manufacturers,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

—OF—

TIN, COPPER,

—AND—

Sheet Iron Wares,

AND DEALERS IN

HEATING, PARLOR and COOKING STOVES,

SHEET METALS,

—AND—

HOUSE-FURNISHING GOODS GENERALLY

Jobbing in

TIN, COPPER & SHEET-IRON

PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.

Nos. 278, 280 and 282 Washington St.

JOHNSTOWN, PA.

DIRECTIONS.

For Catarrh, Hay Fever, Cold in the Head, &c., Insert with little finger a particle of the balm into the nostrils. Draw strong breaths through the nose. It will then be absorbed, causing and healing the diseased membrane.

For Deafness, apply a particle into the ear.

ELY'S CREAM BALM

HAVING gained an enviable local reputation, displacing all other preparations in the vicinity of discovery, is, on its merits alone, recognized as a wonderful remedy wherever known. A fair trial will convince the most skeptical of its curative powers. It effectually cleanses the most foul passages of Catarrhal virus, causing healthy secretions; allays inflammation and irritation; protects the membranal linings of the head from additional colds; completely heals the sores and restores the sense of taste and smell. Beneficial results are realized by a few applications. A thorough treatment as directed will cure Catarrh. As a household remedy for cold in the head it is unequaled. The Balm is easy to use and agreeable. Sold by druggists at 50 cents. By receipt of 50 cents will mail a package. Send for circular with full information.

ELY'S CREAM BALM CO., Owego, N. Y.

☞ For sale by Ebensburg, Johnstown and Altoona Druggists, and by Wholesale Druggists generally. [1-14.-1om.]

B. J. LYNCH,

Manufacturer and Dealer in

HOME AND CITY MADE

FURNITURE!

PARLOR AND CHAMBER SUITS,

LOUNGES, SEE

TABLES, CHAIRS,

Mattresses, &c

1605 ELEVENTH AVENUE,

Between 16th and 17th Sts.,

Altoona, Penn'a.

☞ Citizens of Cambria county and all others wishing to purchase honest FURNITURE, &c., at lowest prices are respectfully invited to give me a call before buying elsewhere, as I am confident that I can meet every want and please every taste. Prices the very lowest. B. J. LYNCH.

Altoona, April 16, 1880.-tf.

J. MONROE TAYLOR

ESTABLISHED 1845.

Gold Medal Baking Powder, Gold Medal Extracts, Gold Medal Cream Tartar, Gold Medal Washing Crystal.

113 WATER ST., NEW YORK.

The whitest, nicest and best goods made. Guaranteed pure, superior in quality and style of package to any brand in the world. Takes less quantity to do the same work. Ask your grocer for it, and have no other.

OUR BELOVED

GARFIELD

AND HIS FAITHFUL CABINET.

AN elegant Chromo Lithograph of our late Preside nt, making 8 full-length portraits, printed in 10 colors on heavy paper with a rich gold border. Size, 18x26 inches. The sale of this beautiful work of art at $1 per copy has been simply unprecedented. In order that every family may be able to possess this beautiful and touching souvenir of our late President and his Cabinet, we will mail it for only 50 cents per copy. We can furnish this same subject, printed in 8 colors, reduced to 9x12 inches, suitable for framing, for only 25 cents. Postage stamps taken. Now is the time for agents to reap a rich harvest with these beautiful portraits. Nothing sells like them. Send for circular and terms.

CONANT & CO., Publishers,

Oct. 7, 1881.-2m. 7 Dey St., New York.

GARFIELD Agents wanted for Life of President Garfield. A complete, faithful history from the cradle to the grave, by the eminent biographer, Col. Conwell. Introduction by His Excellency, John D. Long, Governor of Massachusetts. Books all ready for delivery. An elegantly illustrated volume. Endorsed edition. Liberal terms. Agents take orders for from 20 to 30 copies daily. Outsells any other book ten to one. Agents never made money so fast. The book sells itself. Experience not necessary. Failure unknown. A rare chance for profit. Private terms free. Geo. Stinson & Co., Portland, Maine.

AGENTS WANTED for the LIFE, PUBLIC SERVICES and ASSASSINATION of our MARTYRED PRESIDENT

GARFIELD!

By Rev. Dr. Draper, of New York. This with our Manual of American Progress, all Books in one. An A No. 1 Work for Home, Library or Counting House. F. B. TREAT, 757 BROADWAY, NEW YORK. [10-7.-2m.]

EX-SOLDIERS And their HEIRS should at once send for a sample copy of that wonderful paper, The World and Soldier published at Washington, D. C. It contains Stories of the War, Camp Life, Scenes from the Battlefield, and a thousand things of interest to our country's defenders. It contains all the Laws and Instructions relating to Pensions and Bounties for Soldiers and their heirs. Eight pages, forty columns, weekly. $1 a year. Sample free. Address World and Soldier, Box 588, Washington, D. C. [11-4.-2t.]

$66 a week in your own town. Terms and $5 outfit free. Address H. Hallett & Co., Portland, Me.

MILITARY ANTS OF THE AMAZON.

The *Nineteenth Century* has the following: The most astonishing insects, if not the most astonishing animals, in the world, are the so-called "foraging," or, as they might more appropriately be called, the military ants of the Amazon. They belong to several species of the same genus, and have been carefully watched by Bates, Belt, and other naturalists. The following facts must therefore be regarded as fully established.

Eciton legionis moves in enormous armies, and everything that these insects do is done with the most perfect instinct of military organization. The army marches in the form of a rather broad and regular column, hundreds of yards in length. The object of the march is to capture and plunder other insects, etc., for food and as the well organized host advances, its devastating legions set all other terrestrial life at defiance. From the main column there are sent out smaller lateral columns, the composing individuals of which play the part of scouts—branching off in various directions, and searching about with the utmost activity for insects, grubs, etc., over every log and under every fallen leaf. If prey is found in sufficiently small quantities for them to manage alone, it is immediately seized and carried to the main column; but if the amount is too large for the scouts themselves to deal with, messengers are sent back to the main column, whence there is immediately dispatched a detachment large enough to cope with the requirements. Insects or other prey which, when killed, are too large for single ants to carry, are torn in pieces, and the pieces conveyed back to the main army by different individuals. Many insects in trying to escape run up bushes and shrubs, where they are pursued from twig to twig by their remorseless enemies, till arriving at some terminal ramification they must either submit to immediate capture by their pursuers, or drop down amid the murderous hosts below.

As already stated, all the spoils which are taken by the scouts, or by the detachments sent out in answer to their demands for assistance, are immediately taken back to the main army or column by two smaller columns of carriers' which are constantly running in two double rows (one of each being laden and the other not) on either side of the main column. On either side of the main column there are constantly running up and down a few individuals of smaller size, lighter color, and having larger heads than the other ants. These appear to perform the duty of officers, for they never leave their stations, and while actively running up and down the outside of the column, they seem intent only on maintaining order in the march, stopping every now and then to touch some member of the rank and file with their antennæ, as if giving directions.

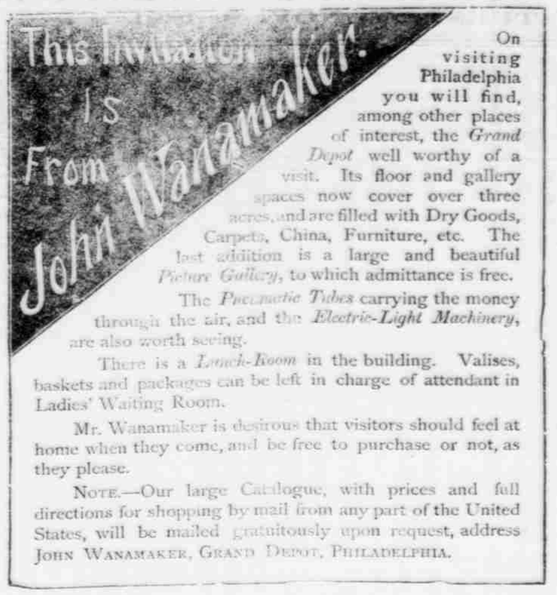
When the scouts discover a wasp's nest in a tree, a strong force is sent out from the main army, the nest is pulled to pieces, and all the larvæ in the nest are carried by the carrier columns to the rear of the army, while the wasps fly around defenseless against the invading multitudes. Or, if the nest of any other species of ant is found, a similarly strong force is sent out, or even the whole army may be deflected toward it, when with the utmost energy the innumerable insects set to work to sink shafts and dig mines till the whole nest is rifled of its contents. In these mining operations the Ecitons work with an extraordinary display of organization co-operation; for those low down in the shafts do not lose time by carrying up the earth which they excavate but pass on the pellets to those above, and the ants on the surface, when they receive the pellets, carry them only just far enough to insure that they shall not roll back again into the shaft, and, after having deposited them at a safe distance, immediately hurry back for more.

The Ecitons have no fixed nest themselves, but live, as it were, on a perpetual campaign. At night, however, they call a halt, and pitch a camp. For this purpose they usually select a piece of broken ground in the interstices of which they temporarily store their plunder.

THE NEWSPAPER IN THE FARMHOUSE.—People who live near the great thoroughfares, where they have access to two or three dailies and a half dozen weeklies, do not fully appreciate the value of a newspaper. They come, indeed, to look upon them as necessities, and they would as cheerfully do without their morning meal as their morning mail. But one must be far off in the country, remote from the maddening crowd, to realize the full luxury of a newspaper. The farmer who receives but one paper a week does not glance over its columns hurriedly, with an air of impatience, as does your merchant or lawyer. He begins with the beginning and reads to the close, not permitting a news item or an advertisement to escape his eye. Then it has to be thumbed by every member of the family, each one looking for things in which he or she is most interested. The grown-up daughter looks for the marriage notices, and is delighted if the editor has treated them to a love story. The son who is just about to engage in farming, with an enthusiasm that will carry him far in advance of his father, reads all the crop reports and has a keen eye for hints about improved mode of culture. The younger members of the family come in for the amusing anecdotes and scraps of fun. All look forward to the day that shall bring the paper with the liveliest interest, and if by some unlucky chance it fails to come it is a bitter disappointment. One can hardly estimate the amount of information which a paper that is not only read but studied can carry into a family. They have, week by week, spread before their mental vision a panorama of the busy world, its fluctuations and its concerns. It is the poor man's library, and furnishes as much mental food as he has time to consume and digest. No one who has observed how much those who are far away from the places where men most congregate value their weekly paper can fail to join in invoking a blessing on the inventor of this means of intellectual enjoyment.

THE GREAT DROUTH OF 1819.—An intelligent and pious Shaker, of Pleasant Hill, Kentucky, tells of the 'great drouth' of 1819, when from early summer to the middle of January there was no rain, the air was so hot and dry that everything was parched up. The cattle became afflicted with the 'hot weather itch' and thousands died, literally tearing the skin from their sides and backs in their frantic efforts to scratch themselves to relieve the intolerable itching. Deer and horses died with black tongue; fowls and birds became listless and stupified, moped in despair, lost their plumage and died in utter misery. Many people died of disease contracted by eating dusty food and drinking foul carbonate water. Forest fires raged everywhere for months, and the air was filled with smoke and ashes. Fresh vegetables were soon exhausted, the cattle were too diseased to be used for food, water was scarce and unfit to drink, fires were raging and the whole population afflicted with disease in some shape. This state of things lasted until the middle of January, when the blessed rain and the really beautiful snow came and saved the country from utter annihilation.

NEVER forget that biliousness and constipation are entirely curable with MANALIN.



On visiting Philadelphia you will find, among other places of interest, the *Grand Depot* well worthy of a visit. Its floor and gallery spaces now cover over three acres, and are filled with Dry Goods, Carpets, China, Furniture, etc. The last addition is a large and beautiful *Picture Gallery*, to which admittance is free.

The *Pneumatic Tubes* carrying the money through the air, and the *Electric-Light Machinery*, are also worth seeing.

There is a *Lunch-Room* in the building. Valises, baskets and packages can be left in charge of attendant in Ladies' Waiting Room.

Mr. Wanamaker is desirous that visitors should feel at home when they come, and be free to purchase or not, as they please.

NOTE.—Our large Catalogue, with prices and full directions for shopping by mail from any part of the United States, will be mailed gratuitously upon request, address JOHN WANAMAKER, GRAND DEPOT, PHILADELPHIA.

BROWN'S

IRON

A TRUE TONIC

A PERFECT STRENGTHENER. A SURE REVIVER.

IRON BITTERS are highly recommended for all diseases requiring a certain and efficient tonic; especially *Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Intermittent Fevers, Want of Appetite, Loss of Strength, Lack of Energy, etc.* Enriches the blood, strengthens the muscles, and gives new life to the nerves. They act like a charm on the digestive organs, *removing all dyspeptic symptoms*, such as *Tasting the Food, Belching, Heart-burn, Sour-ness, Headache, &c.* The only Iron Preparation that will not blacken the teeth or give headache. Sold by all druggists. Write for the ABC Book, 32 pp. of useful and amusing reading—*sent free.* BROWN CHEMICAL CO., Baltimore, Md.

See that all Iron Bitters are made by the Brown Chemical Co. and have crossed red lines on wrapper.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

BITTERS

GEIS, FOSTER & QUINN,

113 & 115 CLINTON STREET, JOHNSTOWN, PA.,

—ALWAYS HAVE THE—

Largest and Cheapest Stock of

Dry and Dress Goods,

NOTIONS, MILLINERY, CARPETS, ETC.,

to be found in Cambria or adjoining counties. ☞ Forget not the street and numbers and fail not to call, buy and be happy.

☞ An institution for imparting a Practical Business Education. Young and middle aged men fitted for the actual duties of life. Students can enter at any time. Individual instruction. Large and finely furnished Halls and Offices. Comprehensive course of study. Regular and appropriate Lectures. Thorough Teaching—Practical Training. For Circulars address P. Duff & Sons, Pittsburgh, Pa.

HEADACHE & DYSPEPSIA

A CURE GUARANTEED, 25 CENTS BY USING

Dr. METTAUR'S HEADACHE PILLS

DR. METTAUR'S HEADACHE PILLS cure most wonderfully in a very short time both SICK and NERVOUS HEADACHE; and, while acting on the nervous system, relieve DYSPEPSIA in its worst forms, cleansing the system of excess of bile, producing regular healthy action of the bowels.

A full size box of these valuable PILLS, with full directions for a complete cure, mailed to any address on receipt of nine 3-cent Postage Stamps. For sale by all Druggists.

SOLE PROPRIETORS,

BROWN CHEMICAL CO. BALTIMORE, MD.

The Truth Tritely Told.

THE NEW STORE OF

S. TEITELBAUM, CARROLLTOWN,

IS THE PLACE TO BUY AT LOWEST PRICES THE ..... T

SUMMER GOODS OF ALL KIND!

And a cordial invitation is now extended by the proprietor to every reader of the FREEMAN to call and see the large assortment, examine the various qualities, and learn the unsurpassable prices, which are so low that 20 per cent. can positively be saved by those who buy their goods from me. The reason I can sell so cheap is that I bought my entire stock for cash, and intend to sell for cash or its equivalent, and am therefore prepared to make quick sales at smaller profits than any other merchant in Cambria county. Don't take my word for this, however, but come and see for yourselves.

CARROLLTOWN, MAY 21, 1881.-tf. S. TEITELBAUM.

GEO. W. YEAGER,

—CASH DEALER IN ALL KIND OF—

HEATING AND COOKING STOVES,

—AND MANUFACTURER OF—

TIN AND SHEET-IRON WARE,

1402 Eleventh Ave., Altoona, Pa.

☞ CHEAPEST PLACE IN THE CITY. Roofing, Spouting and Repairing of all kind promptly and satisfactorily attended to. [10-28,'79.-tf.]

KIDNEY DISEASES, CONSTIPATION AND PILES.

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ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

EBENSBURG, PA.

☞ Office in Colonnade Row, on Centre street. Nov. 12, 1880.-tf.

T. W. DICK, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Ebensburg, Pa. Office in building of T. Lloyd, dec'd, (first floor,) Centre street. All manner of legal business attended to satisfactorily and collections a specialty. [10-14.-1f.]

THE JUICE OF A LEMON.

That purely physical causes have more to do with intemperance than any innate or acquired moral preversity is coming to be very generally admitted by those who have made a study of the subject. The power of the human will, vigorously and persistently put forth, especially when aided by the Divine grace, frequently avails to reform the drunkard, and the instances of such reformation are too numerous to allow for further question on this point. Such cases, however, are those in which the abuse of intoxicating liquors is in a measure voluntary, and therefore subject to control on the part of him who has fallen under the influence of this vice. Even where drunkenness has become habitual, if it is merely a habit it may be broken off, no matter how strong the depraved appetite has become. This is only saying that in all lapses from morality moral forces within or without the man may be effectively employed to bring him back to virtue from indulgence in any vice whatever, unless there are physical conditions in the case that require a resort to something else.

Where drunkenness is a disease, as it certainly is in many cases, it is as difficult to reform from it as it would be to reform from indigestion, rheumatism or any other malady. In instances of the kind supposed simply moral appliances are not sufficient to effect sure and permanent results. What may be called the periodical—or, rather intermittent—drunkard comes under this description. He does not drink habitually and regularly, but spasmodically, as it were. He will go for months without liquor and apparently without desiring it, until all of a suddden he enters upon a protracted and desperate debauch. When this is over with he remains entirely sober for another period of greater or less duration, and then yields again.

This kind of a drunkard, if he may be correctly called such, is not led away by dissolute companions. He is not tempted from without. His first drink is usually taken alone, and when the spell of his long abstinence is once broken he throws off all restraint and plunges into the wildest excess. He is for all practical intents and purposes beside himself.

The sudden and imperious access of this strange craving for alcoholic stimulants mystifies many people, and very few pretend to be able to comprehend it. The dull, inert condition that almost universally precedes such attacks is a fact that needs to be noted in this connection. The condition is said by the physician to be owing to an inactive or torpid liver, and were it promptly corrected the overmastering desire for liquor which supervenes would pass away without being yielded to. To those who are afflicted in the way described, and who will recognize in what is here said an attempted portrayal of their sad experience, a corrective is recommended which will be found effective in a great many cases, and which has the merit of being exceedingly simple. It is taking the juice of half a lemon the last thing at night before retiring and the first thing on rising in the morning. It can do no harm to try this prescription.—*Philadelphia Record.*

VISIT TO A VERMONT PEG FACTORY.

The timber used is black and yellow birch, which is cut into pieces four feet in length, varying in diameter from eight to fourteen inches. These logs are placed in a building in winter and the frost extracted by steam. They are then run in on a tram railway to the circular saw department, and cut into slices or planks of the thickness desired for the length of the peg. These are sorted and the knots cut out, and are then passed on to a long bench which contains six machines composed of fluted rollers. The backs are then run between these rollers, which creases both sides. They are then run through again to cross-crease, or mark out the exact sizes of the pegs. Then they go to the splitting machines, which are set with double knives, and cut the blocks into pegs. As they pass the last machine they are sorted, and all knotty and discolored ones are brushed off into large baskets. These machines are under the care of young women, who appeared much more happy and merital than do many of those who, thundering at their pianos, would consider such employment menial. The next process is bleaching, which is accomplished by the fumes of brimstone, which is unhealthy, (those who labor here shorten their lives.)—They are then placed in large cylinders, which hold eleven barrels, and have 600 steam pipes running through them, and revolve one and one-half times to the minute, drying two charges per day to each cylinder. They are then passed into large wooden casks or cylinders, which, revolving rapidly, polish them by friction, the refuse falling through wire sieves or screen openings, after which they are again passed into a sifter which separates all the single pegs and drops them into tubes and boxes, leaving those which have not been separated in the machine. They are then put in barrels ready for market. The factory running on full time turns out 150 bushels, or fifty barrels, per day. The sizes go from eight up to sixteen to an inch. The length go by eights, two and one-half to twelve. Twenty-six hands are employed, half of them being women. The products of the mill are mostly shipped to Germany and France, and enter largely into the manufacture of toys and fancy goods, as well as into the shoe manufactory. Thus the "genii of mechanism" converts, as if by magic, the trees from the Vermont mountains into articles of use, which, floating off through the channels of commerce to far-away countries, anon return to sparkle the eyes of happy children in toys in which these pegs have become important factors.

ALL kinds of burns, including scalds and sunburns, are almost immediately relieved by the application of a solution of soda to the burnt surface. It must be remembered that dry soda will not do unless it is surrounded with a cloth moist enough to dissolve it. This method of sprinkling it on and covering it with a wet cloth is often the very best. But it is sufficient to wash the wound repeatedly with a strong solution. It would be well to keep a bottle of it always on hand, made so strong that more or less of it settles on the bottom. This is what is called a saturated solution, and really such a solution as this is formed when the dry soda is sprinkled on and covered with a moistened cloth. It is thought by some that the pain of a burn is caused by the hardening of the albumen of the flesh which presses on the nerves, and that the soda dissolves the albumen and relieves the presure. Others think that the burn generates an acrid acid, which the soda neutralizes.

TOMATOES IN THE WINTER.—Mr. Brackett stated last February, at a Boston horticultural meeting, that he had a hundred pots of tomatoes, the seed of which was sown in July, and he gathered fruit in December. Some of the pots were set in the ground and the plants rooted down into it, and these continued to bear best, but did not give so handsome fruit as those in pots on the greenhouse shelf. The indoor plants being much shaded, ran up and touched the glass, and the tips were thus frozen on cold nights, which benefited them like shortening-in. They did as well in six-inch pots as in nine-inch. Those which were watered with liquid manure failed first.

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